

# THE ATHENÆUM

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**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—DEPARTMENT OF LECTURES.**—The COURSES OF LECTURES will be resumed on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of October next. The Rev. the Principal, and the Rev. the Chaplain, MATHEMATICS—Professor the Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.; Tutor, the Rev. J. S. Brewer, M.A. NATURAL HISTORY—Professor the Rev. R. W. Browne, M.A.; Tutor, the Rev. J. S. Brewer, M.A. ENGLISH LITERATURE—Professor the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A.

The Classes for private instruction in the Hebrew, Oriental, and Modern Foreign Languages, under the direction of Professors, Messrs. Forbes, Bransford, Bernays, Rossetti, and De Villalobos, will also be reopened at the same time. Chambers are provided for Matriculated Students desirous of residing in the College; and some of the Professors and gentlemen connected with the College receive students into their houses. Further information may be obtained upon application at the Secretary's Office, August, 1845.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**ANALYTICAL AND EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY.**—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—LABORATORY CLASS, conducted by W. A. MILLER, M.D. F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, and JOHN E. BOWMAN, Esq., Demonstrator of Chemistry in King's College. In order to afford to the manufacturer, to the agriculturist, and to the student of medicine and of science in general, an opportunity of acquiring such a knowledge of practical chemistry as is now essential to the practice of their respective professions, or of prosecuting research in any particular branch of chemical industry, the Laboratory of King's College, gentlemen may enter at any time of the year, except during the vacations, for periods of one, three, six, or nine months, on the payment of the respective fees of 4, 10, 18, and 25 guineas, exclusive of the expense of materials.

The Laboratory opens on the 1st of October, and closes on the 1st of July, allowing a recess of six weeks at Christmas and seven at Easter. Hours from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. daily. A prospectus, containing full particulars, may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, at the Secretary's Office, August 16, 1845.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAWS.**—Session 1845-46.—The Session will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, October 15, when Professor POTTER will deliver an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 2 o'clock precisely.

**CLASSES.**—LATIN—Professor Long, A.M. GREEK—Professor Malden, A.M. HEBREW—Teacher, the Rev. D. W. Marks.

**ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.**—Professor Falconer, A.M. **ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.**—Professor T. Taylor, A.M.

**FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.**—Professor Merlet, A.M. **GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.**—Professor Fepoll, A.M.

**COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR.**—Professor Key, A.M. **MATHEMATICS.**—Professor De Morgan, A.M.

**NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY.**—Professor Potter, A.M.

**CHEMISTRY.**—Professor Graham, A.M. **MUSICAL CHEMISTRY.**—Professor Fownes, A.M.

**CIVIL ENGINEERING.**—Professor Harman Lewis, A.M. **ARCHITECTURE.**—Professor Donaldson, M.L.B.A.

**DRAWING.**—Lecturer, Mr. F.G.S. **DRAWING.**—Teacher, Mr. Moore.

**DISCIPLINE.**—Professor Lindley, Ph.D. **PHILOSOPHY.**—Recent and Fossil—Professor Grant, M.D.

**PHILOSOPHY OF MIND AND LOGIC.**—Professor the Rev. J. Hopps, Ph.D.

**ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.**—Professor Creasy, A.M.

**JURISPRUDENCE.**—Professor Hargreave, B.L.

**SCHOOLMASTERS' COURSES.**—Professors Long, Malden, De Morgan, and Potter.

Residence of Students.—Several of the Professors, and some of the Masters of the Junior School, receive Students to reside with them, and in the office of the College there is kept a register of parties unconnected with the College who receive students in their families; among these are several medical gentlemen. The register will afford information as to terms and other particulars. **FISHERY SCHOLARSHIPS.**—A Fishery Scholarship of 400 per annum, payable for four years, will be awarded in the session 1845-46, by examiners, to be appointed by the Council, to the best student in Classics among the Students of the College of two years standing under the age of twenty years. The examination will take place between the 7th and 15th of January. A Scholarship will be awarded in January, 1847, for Mathematics, and in January, 1848, for Classics. Printed copies of the regulations concerning these Scholarships may be had on application at the office. Prospectuses and further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College.

**RICHARD POTTER, A.M., Dean of the Faculty.**

**CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.**

August, 1845.

The Session of the Faculty of Medicine commences on the 1st of October. The Junior School opens on the 23rd of September.

**PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.**

**PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTRY.**—under the direction of the Professor of Pharmacy, Mr. REDWOOD.

The Council, encouraged by the success which has attended this department of the SCHOOL OF PHARMACY during the past season, and being desirous of providing efficient means of practical instruction for the rising generation of Pharmaceutical Chemists in this country, are making extensive additions and alterations for affording increased accommodation to pupils. The new Laboratory will be opened on the 1st of October. The pupils are here engaged throughout the day in the performance of the various operations connected with the preparation of medicines, the determination of their strength, purity, and composition, the detection of poisons, and such other applications of Chemical Science, as are involved in the pursuit of the qualified Pharmaceutical Chemist and Druggist. The Laboratory is open from Nine in the morning until Six in the evening, daily, except Sunday, on which day, as well as at other times, the pupils have free access to the Museum and Library of the Society. The pupils also have free admission to the Lectures on Chemistry, Pharmacy, Materia Medica, and Botany. The session extends from the 1st of October to the end of July, without interruption. For further particulars apply to

G. W. SMITH, Secretary, 17, Bloomsbury-square.

## PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

**SCHOOL OF PHARMACY.**—LECTURES on the following Subjects will commence in OCTOBER, and continue till the end of March:—**CHEMISTRY OF INORGANIC BODIES.**—Professor, George Fownes, M.D. F.R.S. **MATERIA MEDICA.**—Professor, J. Pereira, M.D. F.R.S. **PHARMACY.**—Professor, Mr. Redwood. Lectures on the following Subjects will commence in May, and continue till the end of July:—**CHEMISTRY OF ORGANIC BODIES.**—Professor, Geo. Fownes, Ph.D. F.R.S. **BOTANY.** Medical and General—Professor, A. T. Thomson, M.D. F.R.S.

G. W. SMITH, Secretary, 17, Bloomsbury-square.

## THE NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on WEDNESDAY, October 1, 1845. **ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.**—Dr. Embleton and Mr. Fenwick. **DEMONSTRATIONS.**—Messrs. Shiell and Gibson. **PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.**—Dr. Charlton. **SURGERY.**—Messrs. Potter and G. Heath. **MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS.**—Dr. Elliot. **CHEMISTRY.**—Dr. Glover. **MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.**—Mr. Snape. Classes will be formed for the Study of the English, Latin, and Greek Languages.

**SUMMER SESSION.**—**BOTANY.**—Mr. Thornhill. **MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.**—Dr. Glover. **MIDWIFERY.**—Mr. Dawson. **OPERATIVE SURGERY.**—Messrs. Potter and Rayne. WM. DAWSON, Secretary.

**EXCHANGE OF PUPILS.**—The Principal of a large School, at which Gentlemen are educated for the Universities and Military Colleges as well as for Professions, wishes to receive a Young Gentleman, in exchange for his daughter, on terms that may be mutually advantageous. Distance 13 miles from Town. Address A. B., at Messrs. Hells and Fletcher's, 15, Cloak-lane, Queen-street.

**EDUCATION.**—There will be VACANCIES at Michaelmas in a YOUNG LADIES' ESTABLISHMENT near the Regent's Park. Terms, for Board and Instruction in English, Music, French by a resident Parisian, from 40 to 45 guineas per annum. For particulars and prospectuses apply to Mrs. Dean, 10, Red Lion-square.

**TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.**—There is at present a VACANCY for TWO or THREE YOUNG LADIES in an Establishment near London, possessing more than ordinary advantages. The Principal devotes her whole time and energies to the advancement of her pupils in every branch of a solid, useful, and elegant education, with the strictest attention to their moral and religious training. The young ladies take daily exercise in the open air, and every possible attention is given to the healthful development of their physical and intellectual faculties. Prospectuses may be obtained of Messrs. Mudie & Son, Booksellers, Coventry-street, Haymarket.

**EDUCATION IN GENEVA.**—M. DIEDERICH, Director of an EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT for YOUNG GENTLEMEN at GENEVA, is at present in London, and being desirous of filling up a few Vacancies in his Establishment, begs to acquaint the Public that he intends to remain a few weeks in this country, after which he will accompany to Geneva a young gentleman who may be entrusted to his care. Divine Service, according to the Church of England, is performed every Sunday in Geneva by a resident clergyman. Prospectuses and further particulars may be had on application to Messrs. Williams & Cory, 14, Abchurch-lane, London. The most satisfactory references can be given.

**TOUR TO FRANCE AND ITALY.**—Any Gentleman desirous of visiting France and Italy for a short time, with the view of attaining a knowledge of the French and Italian Languages at the same time, will find an opportunity of doing so with advantage, in joining an Italian Gentleman (from Tuscan), who has resided in England as Professor of Italian, and who proposes to undertake the travelling arrangements of a Gentleman or small party. The most satisfactory references can be given. Address E. K., at Roland's, Foreign Library, 30, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

## WINTER RESIDENCE FOR INVALIDS.

A Physician, retired from practice, residing in the most agreeable locality of the UNDERCLIFF (Isle of Wight), offers to any Lady or Gentleman requiring change of air, and a mild climate during winter, a most comfortable residence, with various advantages, on moderate terms. Address to M. D., at Mr. Hookham's Library, Old Bond-street, where further particulars may be obtained on personal application; or also at Messrs. Dalau & Co.'s Foreign Library, Soho-square; Mr. Roland's, Berners-street; and Mr. Burns, Library, Portman-street.

## TO BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, &c.

The Guardian of a respectable and well-educated YOUTH (16 years of age in March last) is desirous of placing him with a Bookseller of respectability in some large County Town, where he would have good opportunity of acquiring thorough knowledge of the Business. It is expected the Youth would board and lodge with, and be treated as one of the family. A moderate premium would be given, and there is no objection to Articles of Apprenticeship not exceeding five years. A House carrying on the business of a Bookseller and Stationer, together with Printing and Book-binding, would be preferred. Address, with full particulars, by letter, post paid, to A. B., W. Helder, Esq., 10, Lancaster-place, Strand.

## TO BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, &c.

TO BE SOLD, in consequence of the Death of the Proprietor, one of the oldest and best-established BOOKSELLING and STATIONERY TRADES in the North of England. The above offers very superior advantages to any gentleman wishing to commence, as the premises are extensive and well adapted for business. The connexion is highly respectable, comprising many of the leading families of the neighbourhood, and the town is rapidly increasing in wealth and importance. Mr. S.—The Shop to be taken at valuation. Apply, by letter only, to A. B., care of Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Stationers' Hall-court, London.

## COLLEGE of CHEMISTRY.—The Office of

The College is REMOVED to 16, HARVEY-SQUARE. The Practical School will be opened October 6. Full particulars may be had on application.

By order of the Council,  
JOHN GARDNER, M.D. Sec.

## MEDICAL.—APPRENTICE.—A Medical

Man, practising in a large Sea-port Town, and holding the office of Surgeon to an Infirmary, has a VACANCY for a FELLOW, who will in every respect be treated as a gentleman. From the public appointments which the advertiser holds he is able to offer very superior advantages, which will be fully commensurate by letter. Address to X. Y. Z., care of Mr. Baines, 35, Paternoster-row.

## FREE EXHIBITION.—ART-UNION OF

LONDON.—The Works of Art selected by the Prizeholders of the year 1845, exhibiting at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, WILL BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FREE from the 8th to the 13th inst., from Ten till six, and by TICKETS from Seven till Ten on the Evenings of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th. The Subscription Lists are now open.

4, Trafalgar-square, Sept. 4, 1845.

GEORGE GODWIN, Hon. Sec.

## TO AUTHORS.—Messrs. REEVE, BROTHERS,

possess peculiar facilities for the economical production of Illustrated Works on Surgery, Engineering, Astronomy, Geology, Botany, Zoology, and the collateral sciences, through carrying on the Lithographic and Letter-press departments in conjunction, and earnestly present themselves to the notice of scientific men.

8, King William-street, Strand.

## IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.—Messrs. REEVE, BROTHERS, beg to announce

that they are now ready to print Works with Lithographic Chalk Drawings, either plain or coloured, incorporated in any order with the text, under the manner of Woodcuts. The advantages are manifold—the most delicately shaded illustrations may be introduced, in works of moderate number, at little more than half the price of woodcuts; superior drawings, with the same convenience of arrangement, at less cost.

8, King William-street, Strand.

For examples, see Cox's Memoir on Amputation of the Thigh at the Hip-joint, &c., published in a few days.

## PRIZE ESSAY.—The Journeymen Steam

Engine, Machine Maker and Millwright's Friendly Society hereby offer FIVE POUNDS for the best written ESSAY on the EVILS of SYSTEMATIC OVERTIME WORKING. They have been induced to do so from their conviction of the many Physical, Mental, Moral, and Social Evils attendant upon the working of long hours. The object of the advertisers is to endeavour to establish a similar conviction in the minds of the public generally, but more especially those of the working classes. The size of the Essay not to exceed 34 pages demy 8vo, bourgeois type. Particulars concerning the Prize to send their Manuscript, with fictitious signature, to Mr. Wm. Herd, 26, Union-street, Upper Medlock-street, Hulme, Manchester; and a note, containing real name, fictitious signature, and address, to Mr. Robert Kay, Barlow-street, Kay-street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Manchester. Each party must send in their Manuscript before the 1st of November, 1845. The money to be paid to the winner, one half of the profits arising from the sale of the pamphlet for the first twelve months, in addition to the 5l., but to relinquish all claim to the copyright.

By order of the above Society,  
R. ROBINSON, Secretary,  
Brewers' Arms Inn, Kenyon-street, Rochdale-road, (late St. George's-road), Manchester.

## TO ARTISTS.

**HISTORICAL PAINTING.—PREMIUM**

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS. One THOUSAND POUNDS are hereby offered to the Artist who shall produce the PAINTING of the BAPTISM of CHRIST, by immersion, in the River Jordan, to illustrate the accounts of the Evangelists:—Matthew, 23rd chapter, 13th to 17th verses; Mark, 1st chapter, 9th verse; Luke, 3rd chapter, 21st verse; and the following lines from the first book of Milton's 'Paradise Regained':—

"I saw  
The prophet do him reverence, on him rising  
Out of the water, heaven above the clouds  
Unfold her crystal doors," &c.

Lines 79 to 86; again, line 286.

"As I rose out of the living stream." It is required that the size of the work shall be not less than 12 feet by 16, nor greater than 12 feet by 12; that the two principal figures shall be at least as large as life; that the time shall be either immediately before the immersion, while John is uttering the words of administration, or immediately after it, while John and Christ are standing in the water to the depth of about two-fifths of their height.

Two years, from this date, will be allowed for the completion and sending in of the picture. The picture must be forwarded in frames not exceeding two inches in width—to a place in London hereafter to be advertised. The whole of the works will be publicly exhibited in the Metropolis, for a period of time, not exceeding two months, during which the competing Artists (being so far their own judges) shall by successive eliminations reduce the number of the paintings to five, out of which we will select the one to which the prize shall be awarded.

With the view of obtaining suitable accommodation for the Exhibition, it is requested that the names and addresses of all Artists intending to compete, together, if possible, with the size of their pictures, may be sent to either of our addresses by the 1st of January, 1846, when the precise mode of elimination will be advertised, and the MONEY PRIZES for this specific object, in the names of three respectable Individuals in London, whose names will be published; and, in the meantime, references will be given, if required, both in London and Edinburgh.

The competition is open to Artists of all Nations.

The 1000l. will be paid to the successful competitor before the close of the Exhibition; the picture and copyright of it to become our property.

The names are will be taken of the paintings; but we cannot hold ourselves responsible in any case of injury or accident; nor can we defray any of the expenses of their conveyance or removal.

THOMAS BELL,  
Charles Hill Road, Aston Road, Birmingham.

April 3, 1845.

The Editors of Foreign Journals are respectfully requested to copy this announcement.





LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

REVIEWS

*Journals of Expeditions of Discovery into Central Australia, and Overland from Adelaide to King George's Sound, in the Years 1840-1; including an Account of the Manners and Customs of the Aborigines and the State of their Relations with Europeans.* By E. J. Eyre, Resident Magistrate, Murray River. 2 vols. T. & W. Boone.

BEFORE we proceed to notice these volumes, we are bound to protest against the most prominent part of the title—that which refers to “expeditions into Central Australia.” There was no such expedition. At no point did Mr. Eyre penetrate above two hundred miles from the nearest coast (the north of Spencer's Gulf) or far beyond the line of preceding travellers. Nor does the work contain much that can be considered as “discovery.” What Mr. Eyre calls “Lake Torrens,” will probably turn out to be no lake at all. He himself confesses that he saw no water in it, from his inability to approach its proper bed; and, as he conjectures only that there must be water, we are obliged to suspend our opinion as to this important point, until decisive information reaches us. A more recent traveller, Captain Frome, who has examined the south-eastern extremity of the (so called) lake, is clearly of opinion that it will turn out to be a sandy desert. From many circumstances, also, we are led to believe that other parts of the author's narrative relative to the region east and south of this “lake,” require confirmation. Not that we dispute his actual presence in that region, or his belief as to the truth of what he writes; but from the hurried nature of his visits, he has evidently been led into mistakes. —Enough to have noticed, *in limine*, the discrepancy between the title and the work—between the promise and the performance.

The causes which led to the author's expedition may be sooner stated than understood. The colonists of South Australia had, for some time, been anxious to open an overland communication with those of Western Australia. Why? Nobody can guess. From Adelaide to Swan River, the distance by the most direct route, would be, probably, sixteen or seventeen hundred miles, through a country supposed to be generally destitute alike of water and grass, and certainly inhabited by barbarians whom our countrymen would soon contrive to make hostile. How could produce be carried, cattle driven, or passengers conveyed through such a country? For all these purposes the sea must obviously have presented itself as the cheapest, safest, and most expeditious route. If the colonists in question hoped to hear of fertile regions in the interior, where, perhaps, numerous flocks and herds, as in some parts of South America, were running wild; and, if they were, therefore, inclined to disbelieve the reports of universal sterility alike from natives and Europeans, we could readily account for their anxiety: but even in this case there would be little wisdom in directing the attention so far, when on the banks of the Murray and the Darling, such vast tracts remain unsettled by Europeans. But there were other men of more enlarged views, who looked not so much to the advantages that might result from such an expedition, as to the interests of geographical science—who longed to know something of the interior of a country on which so dark a veil hitherto rests. Both parties formed an association, and were beginning to open subscriptions, when Mr. Eyre returned to Adelaide from Western Australia. Convinced from the natural difficulties of the country, that an expedition westwards must prove a failure,

(though he could have nothing but native reports, which are too contradictory to deserve reliance, for that conviction,) he urged upon them the superior advantages likely to result from a northern route, volunteering to head the expedition, and defray one-third of the entire expense. They yielded to his reasons; the local government sanctioned the project, and contributed towards its execution: while the governor himself, Colonel Gawler, entered heartily into it, and promoted its success by every means in his power. Under such auspices, it was not difficult to collect a few hundred pounds; and the necessary preparations were immediately made. To lessen much of the trouble and inconvenience in the early part of the expedition, a government cutter was ordered to carry the heavier stores to the head of Spencer's Gulf; and from that point the party were to proceed, in as northerly a direction as possible, to the centre of Australia, and there plant the British flag, which the ladies of Adelaide had worked with their own fair hands. No doubt seemed to be entertained by anybody—not even by Captain Sturt, who had penetrated as far north as any traveller—that the cloud of mystery which envelopes Central Australia was about to be removed.

After much feasting and many complimentary speeches, the expedition left Adelaide June 18th, 1840. It consisted of Mr. Eyre, five Europeans, two native boys, a couple of drays, a cart, thirteen horses, forty sheep, with supplies of every kind for three months, while provisions for three months more were despatched to the head of the Gulf. In sixteen days they reached Mount Arden, one of the Flinders' range, so called from the name of the discoverer. This was slow work, but it was rapidity itself compared with the subsequent progress. What better, indeed, could be expected, where heavy drays had to be dragged, sometimes through deep and soft soil, sometimes over rocky or gravelly ground, often through high grass and thick shrubs? Why such unwieldy machines should have been taken at all, and why the progress should have been still further encumbered by the slow-paced sheep, is incomprehensible to us. We may add, that horses are not fit for such explorations. They cannot bear hardship or fatigue; they must have regular supplies of fodder and water, or they will not move at all; and, under the most favourable circumstances, they will not, if they have burdens to carry, travel so long, or so many miles daily, as a healthy man on foot. Before attempting such an expedition, half a dozen camels, and perhaps as many hardy mules or asses, should have been brought from India; they would have sufficed, without drays or teams, for the transport of the men, the water, the salted provisions, (live stock was a foolish incumbrance,) and necessities of every kind.

At Mount Arden Mr. Eyre left his party, and, with one native boy, proceeded northwards to reconnoitre the country. Neither his movements, nor the precise direction which he gave them, are very clear: in fact, this first of five or six explorations to the north and north-east is, in some of its details, apparently so confounded with those which follow that we are sometimes forced to conjecture the precise locality in which the travellers may happen to be. On the first excursion, he evidently kept to the east of the (so called) Lake Torrens, and soon reached Mount Eyre, which he had previously visited in 1839. From the summit of this hill he traced the Flinders' range to the north, while to the west and north-west, beyond vast sandy plains, “appeared a broad glittering stripe, looking like water, and constituting the bed of

Lake Torrens.” The bed in question seemed about twenty-five miles distant, and he proceeded towards it. At first there were small shrubs and stunted plants; but these soon disappeared, leaving nothing for the eye to rest upon but the cheerless arid waste:—

“I found Lake Torrens completely girded by a steep sandy ridge, exactly like the sandy ridges bounding the sea shore, no rocks or stones were visible anywhere, but many saline coasts peeped out in the outer ridge, and upon descending westerly to its basin, I found the dry bed of the lake coated completely over with a crust of salt, forming one unbroken sheet of pure white, and glittering brilliantly in the sun. On stepping upon this I found that it yielded to the foot, and that below the surface the bed of the lake consisted of a soft mud, and the further we advanced to the westward the more boggy it got, so that at last it became quite impossible to proceed, and I was obliged to return to the outer margin of the lake without ascertaining whether there was water on the surface of its bed further west or not. The extraordinary deception caused by mirage and refraction, arising from the state of the atmosphere in these regions, makes it almost impossible to believe the evidence of one's own eyesight: but as far as I could judge under these circumstances, it appeared to me that there was water in the bed of the lake at a distance of four or five miles from where I was, and at this point Lake Torrens was about fifteen or twenty miles across, having high land bounding it to the west, seemingly a continuation of the table land at the head of Spencer's gulf on its western side.”

To venture across this “lake” being impossible, Mr. Eyre turned again to the Flinders' range, and having examined the country to about ninety miles distant from Mount Arden, he hastily returned to the depot there, without deriving the least benefit from the excursion. From the extremely arid and sandy nature of the country, (saving what he calls the bed of the lake,) one might suppose that he would immediately have removed his party to the west. No such thing: he only removed them north, to Depot Pool, where they again encamped, and where he again left them; but in a few days to rejoin them, after an unsuccessful an excursion as before. Surely now he gave up the vain pursuit in this direction, knowing, as he did, that the winter (the favourable season) was rapidly passing away, and that his provisions were as rapidly diminishing. No! he removed his companions further north, to the Scott, (a watercourse, but without water, under the hills,) where he made them encamp again, and where he again left them! Directing his course more northwards than before, and skirting what he calls the bed of the “lake,” and seeing nothing but sand hills and desert wastes coated with salt,—“not the least sign of vegetation of any kind,”—he perceived that the lake bent to the north-east, and “became aware that it would be a barrier to all efforts to the north.” He was surely somewhat tardy in making the discovery, since this was the third time that he had left his companions to ascertain this very point. He returned to the encampment, and, of course, as the reader must infer, returned with all expedition to the head of Spencer's Gulf, and then proceeded west of “the lake,” towards the interior. Alas, no! with an infatuation perfectly inexplicable, he proceeded directly to “the lake,” into the basin of which he penetrated without finding water, though his horse's feet sunk a little into “the stiff mud, after breaking through a white crust of salt”—the same old tale. This time, indeed, he proceeded a little further, in the hope of reaching water, but as his horse began to sink deeper in the mud, he desisted, and returned to the shore of the supposed lake.

“Upon regaining the eastern shore, I found that all I

had been able to effect was to determine that the lake still continued its course to the N.W., that it was still girded as before, by a ridge like a sea shore, that its area was undiminished, that its bed was dry on the surface for at least six miles from the outer margin, and that from the increasing softness of the mud, occasioned by its admixture with water, as I proceeded there was every probability that still further west, water would be found upon the surface. Beyond these few facts, all was uncertainty and conjecture in this region of magic."

Even now Mr. Eyre was not satisfied! The encampment was removed to the Burr, a water-course farther north, and left a fifth time by its chief! On this excursion he ascended a mountain, which he called Serle.

"At length, however, having overcome all difficulties, we stood upon the summit of the mountain. Our view was then extensive and final. At one glance I saw the realization of my worst forebodings; and the termination of the expedition of which I had the command. Lake Torrens now faced us to the east, whilst on every side we were hemmed in by a barrier which we could never hope to pass. Our toils and labours and privations, had all been endured to no purpose; and the only alternative left us would be to return, disappointed and baffled."

Our readers will hardly believe that, after returning to the depôt on the Burr, Mr. Eyre ventured a sixth time "into these regions of gloom." Accompanied by a native boy, he skirted the Flinders to the very extremity of the range—to Mount Hopeless, about two hundred miles from the head of the Spencer Gulf. "Hopeless," indeed, was the purport, if, as he informs us, "the lake was now visible to the north and to the east," so as still to form an impassable barrier. "This closed all my dreams as to the expedition, and put an end to an undertaking from which so much was anticipated. I had now a view before me that would have damped the ardour of the most enthusiastic, and dissipated the doubts of the most sceptical."

Here virtually ended all attempts to reach the interior—if, indeed, any serious attempts had ever been made. It will be seen that Mr. Eyre did not reach a lower latitude, (our readers must remember that we are speaking of a country south of the equator,) or, in other words, a further point inland, than either Sir Thomas Mitchell (1832) or Captain Sturt (1839) had reached before him, though neither were under the same meridian, but considerably more to the east. In 1843, however, Captain Frome paid a visit to these parts; and his testimony as to the (so called) lake, the physical appearance of the country, and the elevation of the ground, (the one making it below the surface of the sea, the other three hundred feet above it,) is so widely different from Mr. Eyre's, that, until we have some further information, we must suspend our judgment as to the geography of this region. Possibly it may turn out that the arm of "the lake" nearest to Spencer Gulf may be entered to some extent by the salt water from the ocean—at least when the tides are more than usually high,—and it is not improbable that Mr. Eyre may have examined, or rather glanced at, a portion of the arm so affected. But to the north and north-east the same influence cannot extend. This, however, is mere conjecture; and we shall not attempt to remove the discrepancies between some of his statements and those of the more recent explorer. Nor must we forget to add, that on the 14th day of last October, Captain Sturt started on a new expedition, and fully determined to proceed northwards, from Laidley's Ponds, on the River Darling; and he has already made some statements which it is impossible to reconcile with those of Mr. Eyre. This discrepancy is the more striking in regard to the country south and east of Flinders' range, as

seen especially from Mount Serle and Mount Hopeless. The last account from this enterprising explorer is, that a sea had been seen at a distance from Scrope range. As he is not a man to undertake a thing without carrying it through,—as he has declared his fixed determination "either to lift up or tear down the veil which hides the interior from us,"—we may expect more satisfactory information from him than from Mr. Eyre.

Hitherto we have scarcely reached the middle of our author's first volume; and it would be injustice towards him not to glance at his subsequent journey overland, from Port Lincoln to King George's Sound. Descending to the former settlement, with one of his teams, while he sent the others eastward, from Baxter's range to Streaky Bay, he acquainted the governor by letter with the failure of his efforts to reach the interior by way of Flinders' range, and with his intention to proceed from Streaky Bay along the coast westwards, until he "met a tract of country practicable to the north." According, then, to this account, Mr. Eyre had not yet abandoned the hope of reaching the interior! Yet it was now October; summer was at hand, when the thermometer would exceed 100 degrees in the shade, and he had reason to suspect that water could, in such a season, nowhere be found for man or beast. If, at the most favourable time of the year, he had made no serious effort to attain the great object in view, it is difficult to give him credit for a determination to fulfil that object now. The truth is, that he was unwilling to return to Adelaide, after results so ridiculously disproportionate to the magnitude of the prospective. From the liberal and good-natured governor, however, he obtained all the supplies he wished; and, towards the end of October, he proceeded along the coast to Streaky Bay, where, on the third day of November, he joined the rest of his party. In three days more he moved towards Fowler's Bay, along the coast, oversandy ground, with little vegetation even in the more favourable localities, and often without water. If this indispensable article could be met with once every three or four days, by digging in the sand for it, the travellers thought themselves fortunate. When Fowler's Bay was reached, there was no appearance of a change for the better; but the men and horses, being tired, required rest. It was well for the party that a government cutter, off the coast, kept progress with them, and from time to time supplied their wants. Here Mr. Eyre left his people, while, with a single native, he made an attempt,—not to march towards the interior, but—to examine the coast round the Great Bight. What could he hope to gain by such a movement? He had no reason to suppose that the coast would improve. In all countries, we believe, maritime regions are about equally barren; they yield, for the most part, neither grass nor water; and if they afford (which is rarely the case) a practicable route, we do not see of what use it could be to anybody. If Mr. Eyre had fully purposed to reach Western Australia, he ought to have removed his line of march inland, at least a hundred miles from the coast. By such a route he could not have encountered more difficulties: the natives are generally harmless, unless exasperated by the remembrance of wrongs; grass, water, and esculent plants he might have hoped to find; while, on the coast, there was but little chance of meeting with these advantages, and he certainly would have claimed the glory of "discovery" in a sense far different from a successful coast expedition. He tells us, indeed, that the natives everywhere informed him that there was no water, or wood, or resources of any kind in the interior, and he consequently leaves us to infer, that he durst not venture into it.

On two successive attempts, Mr. Eyre failed to round the head of the Great Bight; and though he succeeded the third time, his provisions were nearly consumed, while three or four of his best horses were lost for want of fodder and water. From Point Fowler, therefore, he sent back some of his party in the cutter; but at the same time he determined to wait for fresh supplies from Adelaide, that he and his reduced staff might prosecute the journey along the coast. The supplies he got, after much loss of time in waiting for them; but soon afterwards the governor sent orders for him to return. That his Excellency had not done so before may surprise us; but the truth is, he knew nothing of the real state of the expedition, or of Mr. Eyre's proceedings, until he had an opportunity of conversing with those who formed a part of it. But the obstinate man refused to obey. On the 25th of February, 1841, he resumed his route, with four companions, one European and three natives. Never, according to his relation, (which is probable enough) were such hardships and privations endured as those which befel him and his companions. When the sheep were eaten, and the stores of nearly every kind exhausted, they killed and ate the horses, except those which they rode, or rather led,—for often the poor animals were unable to carry them. At length, on the night of April 30th, 1841, two of the natives shot his European servant, and ran away with most of the flour, tea, bread, &c., which remained. A heavier loss was that of the muskets, with which they had hitherto contrived to shoot occasionally a kangaroo, or a sea fowl of some kind. But his remaining boy and himself made a damaged fowling piece available; and, though they were still six hundred miles from King George's Sound, they had no alternative but to persevere in their route along the desert coast. So destitute were they of everything, so worn out by hunger, fatigue, and illness, that they must both have perished had not they providentially fallen in with the Mississippi, a French whaler, near Thistle Cove. By the captain they were liberally supplied with every necessary; and were thus enabled to pursue their journey to Albany, King George's Sound, which they reached on the 7th of July. From thence Mr. Eyre found a vessel which soon brought him back to Adelaide.

On the inexplicable movements of Mr. Eyre, and on their unsatisfactory results, we have already commented enough; and we leave both to the reader's appreciation. But before we dismiss him and his book, we may notice some of his remarks on the aborigines. His perpetual contact with them during his many years' residence in South Australia, and his observations on them in Western Australia and New South Wales, during his journeys to distant points, make him a good authority on this subject. In addition, being in personal communication with missionaries and others on the spot, who have devoted their time to the social, religious, and moral state of the natives, he has been able to collect concerning them many interesting particulars which we have seen in no other writer. But these we must reserve for another occasion.

*The Purgatory of Suicides. A Prison Rhyme. In Ten Books.* By Thomas Cooper, the Chartist. How.

SUCH a poem as this presents almost insuperable difficulties to the critic. Involving extreme opinions both in politics and in morals, it is difficult to separate its poetic merits from its other attributes. The practice once so prevalent of estimating poetry by its political bias, has fallen into desuetude even in the larger reviews which once gloried in the sin of critical partiality. Thus the *Quarterly Review* of 1839

bestowed a unpublished conceding the cluding which that he would lated to injur would have t that the desti cision. How vailed, and th fame on the Cooper, hav imprisonment cause, is a l duced a poet over with t doctrines of in the face with the imp This, in itse ceeded in th unless we a has smiled o to the new v proselyting the rising g fact at all m Englander, sympathize identity:—) and practi more eiden chagrin of poet, there day to pass his politica peculiaritie a conflict. the work o that its mer up with th it is almos shall fairl ing, by mo the tempor he would even on the Declamato there is a t casual fun alien to th elder poets struggling seldom use writers of likely to in in their ea contortio despotism terance. "stammer simple rea mind whic tempts no expression that our fail to sati not shrink Mind—M stood, an From wh prepared centrating error of n author's n expectatio To leav our wits, method, sible, we as a whol conduct,



bestowed a long and elaborate analysis on an unpublished Chartist epic, entitled 'Ernest,' concealing the genius displayed,—although concluding with an emphatic prayer to the author, that he would suppress a work which was calculated to injure existing important interests. One would have thought from the tone of the critique, that the destinies of England depended on the decision. However, the reviewer's supplication prevailed, and the poet consented to sacrifice his epic fame on the altar of civil convention. Mr. T. Cooper, having suffered more than two years' imprisonment in Stafford gaol for the Chartist cause, is a bolder man; and, has not only produced a poem "steeped to the lips" and running over with the prejudices of poverty, and the doctrines of insurrection, but has sent it abroad in the face of day, and been enabled to do so with the imprimatur of a respectable publisher. This, in itself, is indicative of his having succeeded in obtaining literary patronage; and, unless we are misinformed, "Young England" has smiled upon him as a prodigy, and a witness to the new views with which that aspiring and proselyting party are anxious to indoctrinate the rising generation. Nor, as we opine, is the fact at all unlikely; for the Chartist and Young Englander, as corresponding opposites, must sympathize by a natural law of union, if not of identity,—philosophically they are correlated, and practically their interaction becomes daily more evident, to the amusement of some and the chagrin of others. The claims of the Chartist poet, therefore, are not likely in the present day to pass without recognition on account of his political eccentricities. But his ethical peculiarities, we conjecture, have yet to endure a conflict. We, however, are disposed to consider the work on poetical grounds alone: but we find that its merits, even in this respect, are so mixed up with the political opinions it enforces, that it is almost impossible to quote a passage which shall fairly represent the poem without involving, by more than implication, the reviewer in the temporary approbation of sentiments which he would repudiate? Nor is the poem free, even on the score of taste, from serious objections. Declamatory and in great measure dramatic, there is a tendency to turgidity—not to say occasional fustian—which, above all things, is alien to the spirit of modern composition. Our elder poets indeed,—our dramatists in particular, struggling to express great thoughts—have not seldom used a swelling phraseology, which the writers of small poetry in these days are not likely to imitate. Only original writers, in fact, in their earlier efforts are tempted to show these contortions, which alike indicate as it were the despotism of inspiration, and the agony of utterance. Young writers of genius speak with "stammering lips," and do not manifest that simple readiness of speech which belongs to the mind which has acquired ease of delivery, and attempts nothing but what is consistent with facile expression. It is more than probable, therefore, that our extracts from Mr. Cooper's poem will fail to satisfy ourselves or others. Yet we may not shrink from the task; for the book possesses Mind—Mind which makes itself felt and understood, and which therefore demands respect. From what we have said, the reader will be prepared for the examination of a poem concentrating political transgression and doctrinal error of no moderate intensity; indeed, the author's name alone might suffice to excite some expectation of what will be found on perusal. To leave, however, "this keen encounter of our wits, and fall somewhat into a slower method," it behoves that, though briefly as possible, we should treat of the present poem more as a whole, with reference to its argument, its conduct, and its particular illustrations:—

"The first idea of creating a poem," says the author, "in which the spirits of suicides should be the actors or conversers, arose in my mind ten years ago;—but a line might never have been composed except for my imprisonment,—and the political strife in which I have been engaged has certainly given a form and colour to my thoughts which they could not have worn had my conception been realised at an earlier period. An individual who bent over the *last* and wielded the *awl* till three and twenty,—struggling, amidst weak health and deprivation, to acquire a knowledge of languages,—and whose experience in after-life was, at first, limited to the humble sphere of a schoolmaster, and never enlarged beyond that of a laborious worker on a newspaper, could scarcely have constructed a fabric of verse embodying more than a few poetical generalities. My persecutors have, at least, the merit of assisting to give a more robust character to my verse,—though I most assuredly owe them no love for the days and nights of agony I endured from neuralgia, rheumatism, and I know not what other torments,—occasioned by a damp sleeping cell, added to the generally injurious influences of imprisonment."

This extract brings before us at once the worker and his work. The next explains the occasion of its production:—

"The first six stanzas of the following poem may be considered as embodying a speech I delivered to the Colliers on strike, in the Staffordshire Potteries, on the 15th of August, 1842. Without either purposing, aiding and abetting, or even knowing of an outbreak till it had occurred,—I regret to add, that my address was followed by the demolition and burning of several houses, and by other acts of violence. I, and others, were apprehended and tried. My first trial was for the most falsely alleged crime of burning and demolishing, or assisting to burn and demolish. Sir Wm. Follett, then Solicitor-General, used every endeavour to procure a conviction. I pleaded my own cause,—a number of respectable working-men proved my *alibi*,—and Judge Tindal intimated his conviction that the evidence did not prove I was guilty. The jury returned a verdict in my favour,—and I was thus saved from transportation,—perhaps for the term of my natural life,—but was remanded for trial on two other indictments. \* \* I make no doubt but that many will be disposed still to think and say, that however far I might be from intending to excite to violence, since violence followed my address, it is but just that I have suffered for it. I beg to say, however, that I hold a very contrary opinion. If an Englishman excites his wronged fellow-countrymen to a legal and constitutional course (and Lord Chief Justice Tindal told the Stafford jury, that now the old Combination Act was abolished, it was perfectly legal and constitutional for men to agree to cease labour, until the People's Charter became law), it surely is not the person who so excites them that ought to be held responsible for the violence they may commit under an enraged sense of wrong, but the *Government who wrongs them*. I appeal to Englishmen of all shades of politics whether this is not the judgment we pass on all the fortunate revolutions that have occurred in our history. Yet Sir William Follett, who again used his decaying strength, the hour before judgment was passed upon us in the Bench, pointed to me with an austere look, and said, 'This man is the chief author of the violence that occurred, and I conjure your lordships to pass a severe sentence on the prisoner Cooper.' Scarcely three years have passed, and the great lawyer is no more. He wronged me, but I think of him with no vindictive feeling, for my imprisonment has opened to me a nobler source of satisfaction than he could ever derive from all his honours. He amassed wealth, but the *Times*, alluding to the 'frequent unhappy disappointments' occasioned by Sir William Follett's non-attendance on cases he undertook to plead, says, 'So often did they occur, that solicitors and clients, in the agony of disaster and defeat, were in the habit of saying that Sir William often took briefs when he must have known that he could not attend in court: and as barristers never return fees, the suitor sometimes found that he lost his money and missed his advocate, at a moment when he could badly spare either.' I am poor, and have been plunged into more than

two hundred pounds' debt by the persecution of my enemies; but I have the consolation to know that my course was dictated by heartfelt zeal to relieve the sufferings and oppressions of my fellow-men. He was entombed with pomp, and a host of titled great ones, of every shade of party, attended the laying of his clay in the grave; and they purpose now to erect a monument to his memory. Let them build it: the self-educated shoemaker has also reared his;—and, despite its imperfections, he has a calm confidence that, though the product of poverty, and suffering, and wrong, it will outlast the posthumous stone block that may be erected to perpetuate the memory of the titled lawyer."

Such is the author's case, which, so stated, claims for his poem the recognition of an historical monument, which, if its merits were but a tithe part of what they are, we should feel ourselves precluded from dismissing with a brief notice. The introductory stanzas themselves are eminently such a fact—the record of an address which became a living spirit in those who heard it, and led to practical issues of melancholy importance. The orator, however, is now a state prisoner, but in his cell has visions, which come to console him while speculating on the vanity of human life:—

Methought I voyaged in the bark of Death,—  
Himself the helmsman,—on a skyless sea,  
Where none of all his passengers drew breath,—  
Yet each, instinct with strange vitality,  
Gazed with his ghastly eye-balls upon me,  
And then upon that pilot, who upheld  
One chill and fleshless hand so withering  
That, while around his boat the hoarse waves swelled,  
It seemed as if their rage that solemn signal quelled.

I know not how these mariners I saw:  
No light made visible the grisly crew:  
It seemed a vision of the soul,—by law  
Of corporeal sense unfettered, and more true  
Than living things revealed to mortal view.  
Nor can earth's Babel syllables unfold  
Aught that can shadow forth the mystic hue  
Of myriad creatures,—or their monstrous mould,—  
Which 'thwart that dismal sea their hideous hugeness rolled

Not stature terrible of mastodon  
Or mammoth:—longitude of lizards vast,  
Lords of the slime when earth, from chaos won,  
Grew big with primal life, until, aghast,  
She quaked at her strange children:—not all past  
Or present, which from out the dead earth,  
The human reptile, latest born, hath clasped  
By guess, cleaving it 'Knowledge'—for the mirth  
Of future worms, crawling, in pride, to death—from birth;

Not old leviathan, of bulk uncouth:—  
Nor fabled kraken, with his sea-borne trail:—  
Not all that ages tell, in sober sort,  
Of the sun's progeny on Memphis' vale,  
Which from redundant Nile his beams exhale:—  
Nor all that phrenzied poets exorcise  
From memory's grave, then weave with fancies frail:—  
Can image, in their shades, or shapes, or size,  
Those ocean-dwellers huge beholding Death's emprise.

The voyage, voyagers, and ocean-forms,  
Alike, were strange, and wild, and wonderful:  
But marvels grew! When, of that sea of storms  
We reached the shore, the waves at once were lull—  
Death and his skiff vanished, and seemed null  
And void as things that never were—while they,  
Of late Death's passengers, so cold and dull,  
Took, with an air of stern resolve, their way  
Into a gloomy land where startling visions lay.

While aspiring to become the Dante of Chartist, these stanzas show plainly enough that the modern poet has no intention of emulating the conciseness and stern simplicity of his master, whether in diction or description. We are prevented by this "defect effective" from completing the landscape thus introduced, though dashed off with a powerful pencil. We come at last to a subterranean cathedral, palace, or hall, the elaborate description of which defies reduction, where the poet intuitively recognizes the separated spirits of regal and other suicides: Sardanapalus, Edipus, Nauplius, Ægeus, Saul, Telamon, Codrus, Ajax, Lycurgus, Dido, Sisygamis, Cleopatra, and others of old renown. These are introduced in the First Book as interlocutors in an "Aionian" debate concerning the mystery of life and death, of Earth and Hades, and especially on the important question whether monarchy shall cease in both, or either. We must plunge into the Seventh Book for an answer, where we read that natural

ill on earth begins to yield to science, that steam-ships are on the water, and that "mind glows and fulmines even in the clown:"—

Arise, arise, my brothers! we were wrong  
To quit Earth's life in craven discontent  
At Evil:—and ignoble to prolong  
Our murmuring here it is: Evil was blent  
With Good through Being with th' all-wise intent  
T' ennoble human thought by healthful toil  
That should have issue in magnificent  
And universal triumph. Brothers, foil  
The lethargy that doth your might-girt spirits spoil!

Come, listen the inspiring theme of Good  
And Right,—of Wisdom and Equality!  
Spirits,—the universe one brotherhood  
Of Knowledge, Truth, and Love, full soon shall be!  
I say, arise!

Hence, with thy rithality!  
Apicius fiercely answered: of such fare  
I covet not the taste. Hence, devotee  
Of dreams!—to mock our misery forbear!—  
Hence!—let us slumber on to deaden our despair!

Thus spake his swinish spirit,—nor arose  
His shade from its recumbency to greet  
The earnest messenger. In deeper doze  
Sophonius lay, as if he would maltreat  
The Norman with contempt. The rest with meet  
Attention heard,—and, with a countless host  
The descendant drew around, in haste more fleet  
Than they had used for ages on that coast.—  
Expressed, as with one voice, their new-born hope and trust—

Then, to our brother exiles let us speed!—  
The Norman said,—But what shall be your fate—  
Victims of sensual gulf? Is it decreed  
That Essences like yours in afterstate  
Of absolute brutality prostrate  
Shall lie for ever? Oh! that one bright ray  
From Nature's central fire would ye create  
Anew, with souls more human!—

And, away  
Faded my dream, as light renewed the prison-day.

Such is the form of the discussion. The specimen thus quoted sufficiently intimates the impossibility of analyzing it. We should, however, be wanting in our duty, both to the poet and the public, if we neglected to notice more particularly the contents of the Third Book. Here it is to be presumed that the strength of the poet has been fully exerted. It treats of Judas Iscariot and Lord Castlereagh, and is introduced by a statement of the sceptical opinions of the poet. Here it is that the politician would inspire the poet. Here, too, we should expect some rivalry with Dante, who not only placed the recently deceased, but his living contemporaries in the realm of shadows. But in lieu of the clear, well-defined, and intelligent outline and discourse of Dante, we are treated with incoherent ravings, and descriptions that, for the mind, are "without form and void," so difficult it is to understand the intended action, and realize the characteristic portraiture. This constitutes, indeed, the great fault of the work. Instead of being a series of pictures and stories, such as we find in the immortal work of the illustrious Florentine, we have but a succession of discussions and arguments, not always new in the theme, nor exact in the deductions. These are varied with prison reflections and personal digressions, which are not without pathos, and are sometimes poetical, but which have small relation to the main subject. Take, as an instance, the apostrophe to the Robin, the exordium to the Fourth Book:—

Welcome, sweet Robin!—welcome, cheerful one!  
Why dost thou shout the merry fields of corn,—  
The sounds of human joy,—the plenty strown  
From Autumn's teeming lap,—and, at gray morn,  
Ere the sun wakes, sing to the things of scorn  
And infamy and want and sadness whom  
Their stronger fellow-criminals have torn  
From freedom and the gladness light of home—  
To quench the nobler spark within, in dungeon'd gloom?

Why dost thou choose, throughout the live-long day,  
A prison rampart for thy perch, and sing  
As thou wouldst rend thy fragile throat? Away!  
My little friend, away, upon light wing,  
Awhile,—beyond this house of suffering!  
Away!—and I will watch for thy return,—  
Thinking, meanwhile, how, by the silver spring  
Mantled with golden lilies, thou dost turn  
Thy pretty head away, so meaningly, and yearn,  
From out that beaming look, to know what thoughts  
Within the barb-leaved hart's-tongue dwell—

The purple eye palled with snow, that floats  
So gracefully,—dost think the damsel,  
Young Hope, kirtled with Chastity, there fell  
Into the stream, and grew a flower so fair?  
Ah! still thou linger'st, while I, dreaming, tell  
Of pleasures I would reap, if free I were,—  
Like thee,—to breathe sweet Freedom's balmy air.

Away!—for this is not a clime for thee—  
Sweet childhood's sacred one! The hawthorns bend  
With ruddy fruitage: tiny troops, with glee  
Plundering the mellow wealth, a shout will send  
Aloft, if they behold their feathered friend,  
Loved Robin Redbreast, mingle with their joy!  
Did they not watch thy tenderings, and wend  
With eager steps, when school was o'er, a coy  
And wistful peep to take—lest some rude ruffian boy,  
With sacrilegious heart and hand, should rob  
Thy nest as heartily as if 'Heaven's bird'  
Were not more sacred than the vulgar mob  
Of pies and crows? Flee,—loved one!—thou hast heard  
This dissonance of bolts and bars that gird  
Old England's modern slaves, until thy sense  
Of freedom's music will be sepulchred!—  
Hie to yon jocund band of innocence,  
And, 'mid their rapture, pour thy heart's mellifluous!

Still linger'st thou upon that dreary wall  
Which bars, so enviously, my view of grove  
And stream and hill,—as if it were death's pall?  
O leave this tyrant-hold,—and, joyous rove—  
Loved bird of Home,—Bird of our fathers' love,—  
Where the thatched cottage, clad with late-blown rose  
And sweet-brier and rosemary, thickly wove  
With the dwarf-vine, its nectared garland shows  
Unto the amorous bees that 'midst its sweets carouse.

Hasten, dear Robin!—for the aged dame  
Calls thee to gather up the honeyed crumb  
She scatters at her door; and, at thy name,  
The youngsters crowd to see their favourite come.  
Fear not Grimaldin!—she doth sing 'three-thrum,'  
With happy half-shut eyes, upon the warm  
Soft cushion in the corner-chair: deaf, dumb,  
And toothless lies old Grolower!—fear no harm,—  
Loved Robin!—thou shalt banquet hold without alarm.

Ah! Chanticleer hath eyed the dainties spread  
For thee, and summons his pert train the prize  
To share. Lo! how the children ask with dread,  
Of the old grandame with the glazed eyes,  
'Why Robin does not come?' The pet one cries,  
Because he sees thee not,—unpacified,  
Ev'n with the apple tinted with vermilion dyes,  
The first-born offers with a kiss! Abide  
Not here, expected one,—lest woe the cot betide!

If thou return not, Gammer o'er her hair  
Will sing in sorrow, 'neath the brinded cow,—  
And Gaffer sigh over his nut-brown ale,—  
While evermore the pettings, with sad brow,  
Will look for thee upon the holy bough—  
Where thou didst chirp thy signal note, ere on  
The lowly grassland thou didst light, and show,  
Of such sweet content,—thou darling one!—  
Thy blithesome face,—and, on thee, all cried 'benison!'

Alas!—I mind me why thou linger'st here:—  
My country's happy cottages abound  
No longer!—where they stood and smiled, appear  
The 'Bastile' and the gaol!—and thou hast found  
Such refuge, Robin, as,—upon the ground  
Where Alfred reigned, and Hampden fought and bled,—  
Where Milton sung, and Latimer was crowned  
With glorious martyrdom,—is portioned  
Unto our fathers' sons—who win with tears their bread.

The above extract affords a fair specimen of the more purely poetical parts of the book—vigorous and rough, more indignant than tender, rather indicative of strength than grace. But ought we to expect more gentleness in prison rhymes? Are not the accents of the harshly treated naturally harsh? Is anger generally nice in its phrases and careful of its musical tones? What discord, then, or want of harmony, we here detect, we will ascribe, not to the poet, but his unfortunate position. Meantime, we shall do well to benefit by his experience. In the exordium to the Sixth Book, he would excite our horror at capital punishments, and in a note gives his witness as to the effect of such on a prisoner's (his own) mind:—

"Six human beings underwent capital punishment in front of Stafford gaol, during the two years I remained in it. The entire procedure in any one instance, of course, I could not witness: on one occasion only,—when on account of the early hour and season of the year, I had not been removed from my night-cell,—I beheld the grim preface to the legal butchery. Without repeating the testimonies of reflecting men who have attended executions, as to the hardening effect of those savage spectacles,—I will just observe, that while the sound of the death-bell for the first execution filled me and my fellow-prisoners with paroxysms of distress,—on the second, third, and fourth occasions,

we became comparatively unconcerned. And, when I was left a solitary prisoner, the sound of the death-bell for the last time, created a few bitter thoughts of the abhorrent and uncivilised nature of the impending tragedy; but a kind of careless disgust followed, from the instant reflection that all my dislike of the brutal transaction was vain. And, within ten minutes after the death-bell had ceased, I actually caught myself humming 'The Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon!' Now, a more sensitive and excitable human creature than myself, perhaps, does not exist: but there is the honest fact—such as startled me by its strangeness, at the time—let the advocates for the usefulness of capital punishments as 'impressive moral lessons' make what they can of it."

Among the bitterest apostrophes in the poem is one to Lord Brougham. If he were not still living, we should have wondered that his eccentric lordship was not made the companion and counterfoil of Judas Iscariot in preference to Castlereagh.

Our men of promise are a recreant horde:  
Ev'n he who bears that glorious patriot name  
For which the friend of Sydney a record,  
Gold-writ, hath won on England's roll of fame,  
Starts, like an actor who hath opened the drama,  
Back from his part, afraid to play it through:  
And he, the golden-tongued,—a thing of shame  
Made by his whims,—to self-respect untrue,  
What will he next—the spaniel of old Waterloo?

Oh! haste to hide thee in the charnel grave,—  
Thou Harlequin-Demosthenes!—ere change  
Shall leave thee not a semblant speck to save  
Of that rich monument which thou, with strange  
Fatuity, hast toiled to disarrange  
As hotly as to carve! Give up thy strife  
To mar it more,—and list the White's revenge,—  
Friend of the Black!—'twill cleave to thee through life,—  
The 'Bastile'-curse—from Man severed from child and wife!

Arch-Traitor to thy kind!—scourge of the Poor!—  
A word from thee had dashed their poison-cup  
To atoms!—but thou, wantonly, didst more  
Prefer to their lean lips 'hold it up!—  
Aye, wast to thine own vanity the dupe  
So fully, as to claim that thou shouldst bear  
The dread weight of the crime! Would thou might'st mope  
For ages of that chalice! 'Bastile'-fare,  
Perchance, a medicine were thy reason to repair.

Beshrew thy heart! but it was bold, as well  
As villainous,—responsibility  
To court—so foully, darkly damnable!—  
Head-robber of the savage band to be  
Should perpetrate upon humanity  
A theft so daring as would make recoil  
The sternest heart of ancient Tyranny!—  
Of Nature's rights the hapless wratch to spoil—  
Who hath no bread, because his lords refuse him toil.

And dost thou, scouted changeling! madly dream  
This lawless law will save 'their lordships' land?  
Or, that to gaol and cunuch men the stream  
Of discontent can stop,—and Misery's band  
Convert to sneaking slaves lords may command  
At will? As surely as thy head grows gray—  
In this thy monstrous sin,—if not by brand,  
By mightier means, the Poor will win their way  
To right,—and shout when worms hold riot in thy clay!

We have now said and quoted enough to acquaint the reader with the character, spirit and quality of Mr. Cooper's poem. Had it been less negative, it would have been more successful. Not, therefore, as a final triumph of thought, but as a tumultuous and almost desperate effort to think, we will accept 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' trusting that its author's next labour, accomplished under happier circumstances, may manifest a more serene and altogether affirmative state of mind, and be, both in respect to matter and manner, not only less offensive to reason and taste, but more worthy of the talents and intellectual energy with which he is undeniably gifted.

*The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson.* With Notes by Sir Nicholas H. Nicolas, G.C.M.G. Vol. III.

(Second Notice.)

We have suggested, already,—what the improved and improving estimates of the world make it unnecessary for us to enforce,—that, while Nelson was amongst the greatest of his class of heroes, that class is far from being the greatest. In the interest of their own bad passions, men and nations have long established a

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code of conventional greatness, whose fallacy it has taken all these ages of the world to recognize. Not but that, in most of those ages, Philosophy has seen the substance of the truth, behind the splendours by which the fiction was surrounded; and the former was substantively taught as doctrine, by Christianity, nearly two thousand years ago. But Philosophy has, for the most part, been, hitherto, admitted rather as a mental recreation among men and nations, than as exercising any supreme practical authority over the business of their lives; and the teachers of Christianity have too generally suffered its grandest moral truth to bend, in compromise to the circumstances which it is its high and transcendental office to control. Practically, the false code has maintained its influence over men who would not have defended its doctrines as a thesis; and its opposite moral truth has been ingeniously made an affair of the schools—crowned in the academy, on the condition of abdicating her right to direct the consciences and shape the deeds of men and states. By means of this divided allegiance, however, the tradition of her greatness has been preserved to the world. So mediatised, she has continued to maintain the essential royalty of her character in the eyes of men, though exercising no immediate practical rule:—and now, in these latter days, amid the rest from strife and the silence of the trumpet, won by the severe and simple beauty of her aspect, they have found time, and the desire, to look seriously and earnestly into her titles. Her royalty is found to be of right divine, her law the law of human progress, her sway the condition of the world's happiness:—and before the rebuke of her calm and acknowledged majesty many of the fictions of the earth are passing away. The weary heart of nations is turning to her, with a deep conviction and an earnest love; and kings and governors themselves,—with whose more warlike spirit of old Philosophy and the Church right loyally compounded,—are now combining with the churchman and the philosopher in the enlightened desire to make Peace the rule of the world.

Nor has the philosopher, himself, in spite of his occasional glimpses of a better argument, been guiltless of something more than a mere passive acquiescence in this savage and showy error—if they are to be reckoned amongst philosophers who have had the conduct of history. The hero of the historian has been, too long, the fighting man; and, if a large portion of history might be believed, the great problems of society have all been solved by the sword. History, in the classical times, like the bard of the romantic times, was little more than the retainer of the worldly great. The virtue of the Roman was valour (*virtus*); and the march of the world's destinies was all represented by the march of the legions.—It was impossible that a history so writtenshould not be, occasionally, an unconscious satirist of itself,—though the satire, recorded in "invisible ink" for that time, remained to be read in the light of an improved intelligence; and its page is, accordingly, full of morals of the kind, which are legible enough in our day. The great and attitudinal figure of Quintus Curtius, mounted on his war-horse, clad in glittering armour, and riding, full career, before assembled Rome, into a hole in the forum, for the salvation of the city, is rebuked by the less showy, but also less equivocal service of the goose of the Capitol;—and Alexander the Macedonian shares his historic immortality with his horse Bucephalus.

And by the way, this same showy and dramatic figure of the armed Curtius, engaged in his sacrifice, may stand as, in itself, an expression, in the form of apologue, of the entire philosophy of a great part of ancient history. Overlooking all the hidden causes, the inevitable moral sequences,

which mould the destinies of men, it has been ever the man in armour who, according to its crude teaching, ruled the issues of his age. The emergencies of the Commonwealth could only be met, or the wounds of humanity closed up, as the gulf in the Roman forum could only be filled, by the warrior. All the earth of Rome's Seven Hills, and all the labour of her citizens, could do nothing towards closing the gap in her soil:—add the armed man—and he filled it, of himself!

A better philosophy, in our day, is reversing many a historic sentence; and history, itself, is, to a great extent, being re-written. Amid the soft, clear peace-lights of the world, the false glare of what once seemed human glory stands detected; and in the review of even those wars which have had the argument of a national necessity, real or fancied, the world will scarcely make the mistake, to-day, of ranking the hero of the battle in the first class of heroes. Still, in the hour of contest for interests ill understood, and amid the artificial morality which all such contests engender, it is intelligible enough how the warlike conqueror should have so long imposed himself upon the world in gigantic dimensions. The wielding of great physical forces has the same effect upon the imagination, that the directing of great moral ones should have upon the reason; and the pictures of events are written on the imagination at once, as by a moral Daguerrotype,—while their truths are impressed on the reason through the slower process of analysis and induction. Imagination is a mirror, that reflects merely the figures of events,—and does so instantly; while reason is a scale, that measures their qualities,—and, to make no mistake in the reckoning, must do it slowly. To the imagination, then, those who have had, or thought they had, an interest in war, have been careful to appeal—surrounding the latter by all such lights and colours as make the most showy impression on that faculty. It is the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" that, in the eyes of men, have so long "made ambition virtue." The clamour of the trumpet and the roll of the drum have stifled, many and many a time, the "still, small voices" in the misgiving heart. Like the great gong which was kept sounding in the temple of the Mexican Dagon, while the human sacrifices were performing, the shout in the train of conquerors has been sedulously excited and fed, while widows and orphans were being made, and humanity was receiving those deep wounds from which she could not recover in many a year of peace.

It is an essential condition of the warrior's greatness that he cannot take rank amongst the greatest. He holds the greatness by the condition of not being greater. That and his littleness have a common source. So inextricably mixed are the qualities which compose the former, that the larger the degree in which he is glorious, the larger will necessarily be the amount of philosophical alloy. Perhaps this general truth can rarely be better illustrated than in the life and character of Nelson. His passionate love of fame, his insatiable craving for praise, were philosophically, as we have already said, defects in his character; to which, however, his country owed a series of unceasing services, and by which himself attained a height of warrior-glory, almost unparalleled. That mind, too, is wanting in the higher sensibilities, which can systematically play out the game of war, with such terrible counters as it employs,—yet he must necessarily lose, who pauses to weigh the value of the counters. Then, the passions and prejudices with which the war-spirit must, at all times, be fed, are false in the eye of philosophy. The hero, too, must be an unquestioning partisan—the argument of the sword cuts on one

side only. All these defects of character—which at the same time were the essential elements of his glory—despite his clear head, and genial nature, and naturally candid spirit, had Nelson in the highest degree. Without them all, he would not have been the conqueror he was—with any one of them, he could be nothing more. The mind that was so dazzled by false lights and dimmed by unmeaning shadows, cannot, we have observed, be ranked among minds of the higher order. All the commonplaces of his party, and traditions and plausibilities of his profession, were articles of his creed in which he had undoubting faith. "I am sure you will agree with me," he says,—in answer to Mr. Weatherhead, who had recommended an impressed seaman to his care,—"that there ought to be the greatest difference made between a forced man and the man who voluntarily offers his life to preserve his country":—that is, that the man who had been kidnapped for the service of the country was, in addition to that wrong and because of it, less entitled to indulgence than he who chose the profession, with all its contingencies. Of the immorality of impressment Nelson had not a suspicion;—the seaman who came into the navy by means of a slave-trade was, of course, to be treated as a slave when there.—"I have the satisfaction to tell you the French army have got a complaint amongst them, caused by the heat and nothing but water, which will make Egypt the grave of the greatest part,"—"Thank God, the plague has got into both the French army, and into their shipping,"—are ordinary examples of the condition of mind in which the game of greatness must be played by the warlike commander.—"There is no way of dealing with a Frenchman but to knock him down," and other such maxims, scattered throughout these Letters, belong to a whole library of lore traditionally familiar to our readers, written, like Dibdin's Songs, for the occasion, without regard to proportion, and forming the wisdom of the war-time and the war-party.

But the unsoundness of the maxims and danger of the susceptibilities which led Nelson to glory had soon to be tested by the course of events:—and it may surely be considered as deciding the place of such greatness as warriors achieve, that one so kind and generous and noble as he should form no exception to the rule,—that perhaps all the conquerors of the world have tarnished their own glory by deeds of their own.

Before pursuing the painful inquiry which is before us, it is pleasant to dwell on the touching instances of his generous care for others in which this volume abounds.—"My first Lieutenant Galway," he takes an opportunity of saying, incidentally, when writing to Lord St. Vincent, "has no friends, and is one of the best officers in my ship."—"Captain Faddy, of the Marines," he writes to Earl Spencer, "who was killed on board the Vanguard, has a family of small children: his eldest son is now on board this ship, only fourteen years of age. I beg to solicit your Lordship for a commission in the Marines for him."—When Capt. Troubridge grounded, at the Battle of the Nile, and was consequently out of the action, Nelson's anxiety lest that officer should be omitted in the rewards bestowed on those engaged was unceasing. "It was Troubridge," he writes to Lord St. Vincent, "that equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse—it was he that exerted himself for me after the action—it was Troubridge who saved the Culloden, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it."—"His sufferings," he says, on another occasion, "were, in every respect, more than any of us. He deserves every reward which a grateful country can bestow on the most meritorious sea-officer of his standing in the service. I have felt his worth

every hour of my command."—To Lord Spencer, when acknowledging his own honours, he says: "I observe what your Lordship is pleased to say relative to the presenting myself, and the Captains who served under my orders, with Medals, and also that the First Lieutenants of the Ships engaged will also be distinguished by promotions, also the senior Marine Officer. I hope and believe the word 'engaged' is not intended to exclude the Culloden: the merit of that Ship and her gallant Captain are too well known to benefit by anything I could say. Her misfortune was great in getting aground, while her more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness. No: I am confident that my good Lord Spencer will never add misery to misfortune. Indeed, no person has a right to know that the Culloden was not as warmly engaged as any Ship in the Squadron. Captain Troubridge on shore is superior to Captains afloat. In the midst of great misfortunes, he made those signals which prevented certainly the Alexander and Swiftsure from running on the Shoal. I beg your pardon for writing on a subject which, I verily believe, has never entered your Lordship's head; but my heart, as it ought to be, is warm to my gallant friends."

Out of the sum granted him by the East India Company, he distributes 2,000*l.* amongst members of his family; and out of the Bronte estate, bestowed by the King of Naples, he settled on his father 500*l.* a-year.—It is pleasant, too, amid these warlike notices, to find him serving the arts of peace:—

"To George Burton, Esq. Captain of H. M. Ship *Haerlem*."

[Order Book.]

"Vanguard, Palermo, 8th May, 1799."

"Whereas, Guy Head, Esq. an eminent painter and British subject, wishing to return to England, with his studies and pictures, books, prints, and other materials necessary for the studying his profession, after an absence of fifteen years, and having been first driven out of Rome and latterly out of Naples, also by the French, and having made application to me for a passage, you are hereby required and directed to receive on board the Ship you command, the said Guy Head, Esq. and his family, with his pictures, books, prints, and other materials; and give them a passage to England, victualling them at two-thirds allowance. NELSON."

From the hour when Nelson anchored in the Bay of Naples, he fed, to repletion, on the banquet of applause which had been the long thirst of his spirit; and it is probable that the unjust manner in which that luxury had been withheld from him at home, on more than one occasion, and the niggardly degree in which it was dealt out, on others, had increased the feverish symptoms of the appetite, and rendered the full draught at once more welcome and more dangerous. Writing to Earl St. Vincent, on the 20th Sept. 1798, he says,—as if from a feeling, that superstition might deem prophetic:—"I detest this voyage to Naples; nothing but absolute necessity could force me to the measure." On the 22nd, however, the King came out to sea, to meet him; and boarding the Vanguard, hailed him as his "Deliverer." Sir William and Lady Hamilton had preceded His Majesty.—"Alongside," says Nelson, "came my honoured friends: the scene in the boat was terribly affecting; up flew her Ladyship, and exclaiming, 'O God, is it possible?' she fell into my arm, more dead than alive." The Ministers of the King and the people of Naples confirmed to him the title of *Liberator*.—"I cannot," he says, "move, on foot or in a carriage, for the kindness of the populace." Among the devices to do honour to his birthday, on the 28th, a verse was added to the British National Anthem; which hands down to posterity the name of a Mr. Davenport, and should not be lost to the anthology of England:

Join in great Nelson's name,  
First on the rolls of Fame,  
Hail let us sing.  
Spread we his fame around,  
Honour of British ground,  
Who made Nile's shores resound,  
God save the King.

"I am placed," he says, writing to his father, "in that situation that all my caution will be necessary to prevent vanity from showing itself superior to my gratitude and thankfulness."—"Nothing," he writes to Lord St. Vincent, "shall again induce me to send the squadron to Naples, whilst our operations lie on the eastern side of Sicily; we should be ruined with affection and kindness."—To Sir James Saumarez he promises the same thing—adding another reason why it should be so:—"This is a sad place for refitting—the swell sets in so heavy. Never again do we come to Naples: besides the rest, we are killed with kindness." At first, too, he saw clearly enough the spirit of the court:—"I am very unwell, and the miserable character of this court is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers and poets, and scoundrels." That impatience of whatever looked like indecision, or want of energy, which had been a most restless feature of his character through all its previous career, Nelson brought with him in its full force to the waters of Naples—soon to be therein diluted:—"What precious moments," he writes, "the two courts are losing: three months would liberate Italy; this court is so enervated that the happy moment will be lost." What, then, must have been the power of those exceptional influences which were so soon to make the King a martyr in Nelson's eyes, and elevate the female "majesty of" Naples into a "great queen!" In these Letters, the working of the poison may be traced through all its unhappy course. As early as the 4th of October, he is seen to be in the toils of Omphale. He still perceives the danger of his entertainment, but has grown enamoured of the feast. He has eaten the lotos of the climate, and is fast becoming the slave of its influence.—"I have been with the Queen; she is truly a daughter of Maria Theresa. I am writing opposite Lady Hamilton, therefore you will not be surprised at the glorious jumble of this letter. Were your Lordship in my place, I much doubt if you could write so well; our hearts and our hands must be all in a flutter: Naples is a dangerous place, and we must keep clear of it."—It would have been well for Nelson, though not for the cause he served, had he then lifted his anchors, and fled before the only foe to whom he ever struck his, as yet, unstained flag,—and from whom flight would have been no disgrace!

But, in these seas he lingered, held by a spell, whose power over his character every day was making stronger and more apparent. His mind underwent a sort of transfiguration,—and showed the poison at all its moral issues. His letters of business, which, if not models of style, had hitherto been, at least, excellent business letters, are now continually interpolated with praises of the Royal family of Naples and their friends, in a way which must often have seemed to their recipients, themselves men of business and officials, very much "out of season," and strikingly uncharacteristic of Nelson. Bowed to the bidding of the Neapolitan court, in a manner less like him still, he followed it to Palermo; and though, both from that city and previously from Naples, he made short naval excursions, yet he came ever back to the city of the spell, on the welcome compulsion of the court's earnest request. Admitted into the intimate councils of the King, and, as it were, into the bosom of his family, none of these would consent to feel any safety out of his personal keeping. The fears of the Neapolitan court would accept no substitute, from all the British squadron; and, not proof against the flattery implied, Nelson yielded to the fears which, in any other case, he would have scorned. "Her hero," the Queen called him; and Nelson, in

return, adopted the passionate attachment of Lady Hamilton for the Queen.—"The Queen," he writes to Lord Spencer, "has again made me promise not to leave her, till brighter prospects open upon her."—"She (the Queen) begs me not to quit Palermo; for that Sir William and Lady Hamilton and myself are her only comforts. \* \* \* General Stuart, from Minorca, calls me; Mr. Wyndham, from Florence, does the same; and the affairs of Egypt and Malta are endeavouring to be brought to an issue." Palermo, and the comfort of the Queen, carried it, over all. To Lord St. Vincent he says, "I would lay down my life for such good and gracious monarchs;"—and by this time, indeed, he seems to have considered himself almost as much in their service as in that of his country.

The previous disposition of Nelson should have been thoroughly appreciated by a full perusal of these Letters, to enable the reader to understand the strength of that unnatural influence which could keep him out of the path of glory, wherever it might be trod. He, who chafed like the caged lion whenever a battle was to be fought from which any of the accidents of his position threatened to exclude him, now looked idly out upon probable contingencies such as he would once have chased if they led him round the world—at the bidding of a woman. "I am here," he writes to Capt. Ball, "nor will the King or Queen allow me to move" (the very voice of the sick spirit, it will be seen, is altered!) "I have offered to go to Naples, and have wished to go off Malta, in case the squadron from *Brest* should get near you, but neither one or the other can weigh with them."—When, in May 1799, a junction between the French and Spanish fleets was imminent, and an immediate action expected, to be absent from which, at the call of any necessary duty, would once almost have broken Nelson's impatient heart, he contented himself with detaching a squadron, to reinforce the Commander-in-chief, with his "best wishes for success, for I cannot come to you." This to Admiral Duckworth;—to Earl St. Vincent himself he says: "I am only sorry that I cannot move to your help; but this island appears to hang on my stay. Nothing could console the Queen, this night, but my promise not to leave them, unless the battle was to be fought off *Sardinia*." Nelson, it appears, had entered a new school of logic. Nothing could once have persuaded him, who was "not obliged to understand French," when a passport, in that language, came in his way, which he did not choose to recognize—and who, at the battle of the Baltic, hereafter to be fought in these pages, could not see his commander's signal of recall flying, when it did not suit him to come out of action ("d—n me if I do, Foley!") because he had "only one eye,—eh, Foley!"—nothing could have persuaded a reasoner of this passionate and determined class, that Sicily was not safe, for a time, in the keeping of the British squadron, with Troubridge, or Hood, or Ball, to direct it, nor induced him to let any one of all his "band of brothers" (as he proudly and affectionately called them) replace him at that harvest of laurels which he believed to be ripe for the reaping—while he stood nurse to a set of women's fears. The strength of his chain may be further gathered from the cry and struggle of his enthralled spirit—"As I stay," he writes to the Commander-in-chief, "my heart is breaking!" But the defence of Sicily was to cost Nelson even more than this. Ordered, in July, by Lord Keith, (who had succeeded Earl St. Vincent in the chief command,) to send his squadron for the defence of Minorca, he took upon him to disobey—thereby defeating important combinations of his commander. The order was quite positive, and the crisis imminent.

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Lord Keith informed him that he had reason to believe "from repeated information" that the enemy had no designs upon Sicily at all; but were bent towards the ocean—probably for a descent upon Ireland—whither it was necessary that he (the commander) should follow them. Nelson was, therefore, desired to replace him at Port Mahon, ("if this island," says Lord Keith, "is left without ships, it will fall!") either with his entire squadron, or by the greater part of it, and either under his own or some other command. Wedded to Sicily, *quand même*, Nelson refused to detach a single ship—and, this time, drew down upon himself the formal rebuke of the Admiralty.

The formal rebuke of the Admiralty upon the great Nelson!—the *Victor of the Nile*!—as, by this time, he was fond of calling himself: for it is remarkable, as a further symptom of his disease, that his honourable and manly habit of self-appreciation had now degenerated into that morbid tone, which, in spite of his protestations against being considered vain, there is no distinguishing from vanity. He is fond of giving to his friends such particulars of the adulations offered to him as a more wholesome frame of mind would surely have declined narrating, for itself. One, out of many examples, will suffice:—

"The 1st of August was celebrated here with as much respect as our situation would admit. The King dined with me; and, when His Majesty drank my health, a Royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired from all his Sicilian Majesty's Ships of War, and from all the Castles. In the evening there was a general illumination. Amongst other representations, a large Vessel was fitted out like a Roman galley; on its oars were fixed lamps, and in the centre was erected a rostral column with my name: at the stern were elevated two angels supporting my picture. In short, my dear Fanny, the beauty of the whole is beyond my powers of description. More than 2000 variegated lamps were suspended round the Vessel. An orchestra was fitted up, and filled with the very best musicians and singers. The piece of music was in a great measure to celebrate my praise, describing their previous distress, 'but Nelson came, the invincible Nelson, and they were preserved, and again made happy.'"

A noble mind, thus shaken from its bias, could not long escape the characteristic expressions of remorse; and, accordingly, the correspondence of this period betrays many of the symptoms of a discontented spirit and a heart ill at ease. A morbid irritability of temper, which exhibited itself in distrust of the motives and conduct of his best friends, is admitted by Sir Harris Nicolas himself to have grown up about this time, and haunted, amid all his generous impulses, the remainder of Nelson's days. The savour of his glory, too, began to pall upon his taste:—

The fame he followed, and the fame he found,  
Healed not his heart's immediate wound.

In the very flush and fulness of worldly honour and success, his letters abound in expressions of a moral weariness and a sickly dissatisfaction.—"My only wish," he says to his intimate friend, Mr. Davison, "is to sink with honour into the grave; and when that shall please God, I shall meet death with a smile. Not that I am insensible to the honours and riches my King and country have heaped on me, so much more than any officer could deserve; yet I am ready to quit this world of trouble, and envy none but those of the estate six feet by two." This letter seems to have been written in answer to one wherein Mr. Davison, moved, no doubt, by reports of a suspicious nature which had reached Lady Nelson, exhibits his apprehensions for their domestic peace.—"Poor dear Miller is dead," he writes to the same gentleman, "and so will be your friend Nelson. I have the full tide of honour, but little real comfort; could I

have that, with a morsel of bread and cheese, it would be all I have to ask of kind Heaven. If the war goes on I shall be knocked off by a ball, or killed with chagrin."—But the most striking instance of a sore and petulant spirit, showing singularly on the relief of his really frank and gallant nature, was exhibited by Nelson in his treatment of Sir Sidney Smith; who had been appointed joint-minister at the Ottoman Porte, on terms which the former erroneously supposed (and Sir Sidney himself, for a time, seems to have assumed as much, too) were intended to include an interference with his Mediterranean command, so far as Egypt was concerned. The matter, on Nelson's remonstrance, was speedily put on its right footing, both by Earl St. Vincent and by the minister at home. But nothing could appease the wounded sensibility of Nelson, which, by this time, could not bear a scratch. Again and again, he returns to the subject—after the cause of irritation had been removed—with all the peevishness of a spoiled child. What renders his weakness, on this occasion, the more glaring and symptomatic is, that, at this very time, he was himself, as we have shown, under the rebuke of the Admiralty, for resisting the commands of his own superior; and yet he writes—"If I know myself, as I never have encroached on the command of others, so I will not suffer even my friend Sir Sidney to encroach on mine." This was long after Sir Sidney (who seems, so far as these papers disclose, to have borne with great good nature very offensive treatment) had ceased to do anything of the kind,—and when, at Acre and elsewhere, he had fairly acted down Nelson's animosity, and extorted the sympathizing voice of the hero's own real and gallant nature. Yet the scar still rankled; and if there were other consequences of Nelson's fever of the heart far more lamentable than his conduct to Sir Sidney Smith, there are none, recorded by this correspondence, in which he seems so little.

This irritable disposition towards his own friends and fellows of the Service, it was natural to expect would be exasperated into a deep and passionate hatred against the rebels who kept the court of Naples in its state of anxiety and alarm,—and to whose continued rebellion Nelson would, of course, ascribe his own prolonged stay in those seas, and all the consequences to himself of their moral climate. A deep and impatient thirst for revenge had taken possession of his mind; the evidences of which, in these letters, are so painful, that, without lingering on them, we will come, at once, to the overt acts which slacked that thirst in blood, and have tarnished Nelson's memory to all time. An instance or two only may be given of the habitual condition of mind, which broke out in expressions quite beyond the reach of that professional justification, to which we have already alluded, for the characteristic speculations of warriors.—To Captain Troubridge, who was with a squadron blockading the port of Naples, he writes—"Send me word some proper heads are taken off; this alone will comfort me."—To Lord St. Vincent he says, sportively—"Our friend Troubridge had a present made him, the other day, of the head of a Jacobin; and makes an apology to me, the weather being very hot, for not sending it here!"—But enough of such ghastly details. Suffice it to say, that it was in such a mood of mind as they express, that, in June 1799, Lord Nelson sailed from Palermo, with the design of expelling the French forces and subduing the Neapolitan republicans.

Most of our readers are, no doubt, aware, that the breaking of the capitulation of Castel Nuovo and Castel del Uovo, and the trial and execution of Caraccioli, are those events, which, in the mild expression of the present editor,

form "the only unfortunate part of Nelson's public life." The sentence upon them of another eminent lawyer is contained in the assertion that,—"seduced by the profligate arts of one woman, and the perilous fascinations of another, Nelson lent himself to a proceeding deformed by the blackest colours of treachery and murder." This judgment,—which has been that, likewise, of all the other writers on the subject,—Sir Harris Nicolas endeavours to reverse, by a defence extorted out of the abundant documents here carefully and conscientiously brought together, for the instruction of posterity:—and, so far as our verdict goes, we shall say, at once, that he has failed.—"Death," observes our editor, "it has been said, 'canonizes and sanctifies' a great character;—but neither a death the most glorious," he complains, "nor a life the most honourable, has prevented Nelson's integrity and motives from being suspected and aspersed." We will observe, that there is, in this remark on the subject, which the Preface contains, an early specimen of that defective reasoning, which is employed for the defence, in the Appendix; and the reader may, therefore, test, at the very opening of the volume, the value of the logic which is to appeal to his decision, at its close. Death does sanctify and canonize a great character, according to the saw,—but the greatness is here in question. When Sir Harris Nicolas complains, that "a life the most honourable" has not prevented Nelson's deeds from being questioned, he forgets that the honour of that life is involved in the issue before us, and cannot, therefore, be pleaded as a bar to the inquiry. As no life, says the proverb, can be said to have been happy till the end—so none can be said to have been honourable. As a mere school logician, Sir Harris should know that he must not beg the question; and, as a legal one, he is well aware that character cannot be urged previous to the examination of facts, or in opposition to them,—but only in their confirmation where they agree, or for their interpretation where their speech is doubtful. We must not have the public morality intimidated by the authority of a brilliant life, nor the solemn verdicts of posterity extorted by the argument of what is called a "glorious death."—Neither death nor time can sanctify such deeds as those whose examination we must still postpone for another week.

*Scenes on the Shores of the Atlantic.* 2 vols. Newby.

THESE volumes are occupied with sketches of Irish scenery and manners, and commence with descriptions of a rustic funeral, and the Lead Mines at Milltown Malbay; we are then conveyed to "wild Killee," the briny waters of which, the writer dares to prefer to the Pauline or the Wein Brunnen. Even before entering the village, you gain an extensive view of the Atlantic, which is here described with a graphic pencil. The party then make an expedition to Dunleek; thence they proceed to Clare. Some local anecdotes are told with humour and pathos: and we will give the following passages as a favourable specimen of the writer's style:—

"There is one very striking characteristic of the Irish peasantry, and which I believe they possess in common with other nations in a backward state of civilization, an extreme solicitude about their burial. To have a well attended funeral, to be a 'handsome corpse,' and above all to be interred with their own kindred, are objects of the highest ambition. Those who are totally regardless of the decencies of life, hold the decencies of death in such estimation, that to procure a good coffin, grave clothes, and the wherewithal for a 'creditable wake,' they will undergo the greatest privations. I have known a poor woman

pawn her only flannel petticoat on a bitter winter's day to procure a meal for her starving children reduced to pinching want, rather than trench on the sacred hoard kept carefully for the funeral expenses. Some there are who keep their coffin at the head of their bed for years, and old persons have generally some good clothes stored up to 'dress their corpses in.' An old woman applied to us for an under garment, and having received one, together with a cap, exclaimed in the greatest joy—'Oh! such linen, fit for a lady; and a cap with elegant frills to it, bordered all round. The likes of them are much too grand for a creature like me to wear. I'll keep them for the day of my death, and they'll look beautiful at the wake.' 'But,' we remonstrated, 'they were not given you for that. They are meant to make you comfortable while you are alive, and you must wear them now.' 'And not have a decent rag to cover me in the coffin! Ladies dear!' she added in the most appealing tone, 'sure now you wouldn't be so unreasonable.' But we were 'unreasonable,' and insisted on the garments being worn; suggesting however as a mitigation of the case, that as the old woman was so far advanced in years, they might possibly last long enough to answer the double purpose. This was a bright and happy thought on our parts, and our old friend departed expressing a fervent wish that she might die before such 'elegant clothes' were worn out. When I was a child we had a house carpenter named Murphy, a very faithful creature, but one to whom the French saying '*ses qualités surpassent ses charmes*' applied most strongly. He was a most ugly man: big-headed, hard-featured and forbidding looking. His person was distorted from having fallen off a high ladder in his youth, which had injured his spine and legs, and made him a cripple for life. In short, to any one not accustomed to his appearance as we were, he must have looked something monstrous. One morning poor Murphy came limping up with a most rueful countenance, complaining of feeling very ill with 'pains in every bone in his body, and such an impression on his heart (the lower orders always call chest affections by this name) that he could scarcely draw his breath.' He had evidently caught a violent cold. Various remedies were proposed, and he seemed greatly comforted by the prospect of approaching relief. My dear mother recommended a warm plaster to his chest, and gave him one to put on. He looked very suspiciously at it. 'This is a warming-plaster, ma'am, is it?' 'Yes!—a very good thing for your oppression.' 'May be so. Would it hurt a body, now?' 'Oh no; you will find it very comfortable, on the contrary.' 'Thank you, ma'am; but will you tell me, would it leave any mark behind it?' 'It reddens the skin a little, that's all.' 'Ah, that's what I misdoubted all along, from the looks of it. I'm greatly obliged to you, ma'am, and thank you kindly, every bit as much as if I had made use of it. But, (returning the plaster) I wouldn't put this on for the world; no, not if it was to save my life. I wouldn't put a mark or a sign on myself for all the gold you could give me, or do anything that would hinder me from making a handsome corpse, plaze God; and that's what I'd be if I was to die this night, without speck, or spot, or any such thing upon my whole skin.' And no argument could induce poor Murphy, unsightly and crippled and ill-favoured as he was, to run the risk of spoiling a 'handsome (!) corpse' by applying the warm plaster. It was a strange, but, among his class, a very common species of vanity."

The forte of the writer is plainly in the description of scenery, which she accomplishes always with a glow and animation, though generally at such length as to render extract inconvenient. As examples, we may mention her account of the natural bridges at Ross, the sea at the Kilkee rocky amphitheatre, the cliffs of Moher, and Innis-Scattery. In addition to the places named, this work gives an account of a voyage up the Shannon to Limerick. We are more than doubtful whether the contents of the book justify the title; but altogether it is a light and agreeable diary.

*Pegge's Anecdotes of the English Language; chiefly regarding the Local Dialect of London and its Environs.* 3rd Edition, enlarged and corrected. Edited by the Rev. H. Christmas, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A., &c. &c. Nichols & Son.

*Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect.* With a Dissertation and Glossary. By William Barnes. London, J. R. Smith; Dorchester, Simonds.

THE posthumous work of Mr. Pegge, the first edition of which appeared in 1803, and the second in 1814, both edited by Mr. Nichols, we never expected would reach a third. Not that upon the whole it was ill received on its appearance; but that we hoped sounder views of our language than are to be found in it would ere this prevail. These 'Anecdotes' are not sufficiently described by the term *garrula senectus* (applied to them by the *British Critic* above forty years ago); many of them are the chat of decrepitude, the twaddle of a weak-minded old man, whose admission late in life into a certain society of old men (or old women, if the reader prefers it,) had rendered him vain and more than reasonably talkative. A laborious collector of trifles, without a particle of genius or taste, and with no abundant stock of common sense, he has here collected a heap of rubbish not often surpassed even in the storehouses of professed antiquaries. Not that there are no pearls to be found in it: it so happens that there are several; for we defy any man, even Mr. Pegge, to rummage for years among old lumber without finding something worth carrying away. But what we contend for is, that such discoveries imply no merit in the finder, who is not conscious of their value.

As Mr. Pegge's object (if, indeed, he had one, for he adheres to no determinate purpose,) is to explain, and generally to vindicate such Cockney words and phrases as will not agree with the standard of English refinement, so the 'Poems of Rural Life' are designed to illustrate the Saxon dialect of Dorsetshire. If we may question the utility of composing poems in such a dialect (which nobody will read), we cannot doubt the utility of the "Dissertation" which precedes them, or of the "Glossary" by which they are followed. In both the author proves the close affinity—not merely of words, but of construction,—between the vernacular speech of that county and the widely-spread language of our forefathers. He does so plainly and sensibly, though too briefly,—and as different as can well be from the manner of an F.S.A.; and, in following him through his unambitious and unpretending labours, we are disposed in every page to be thankful that we are following plain "William Barnes," instead of somebody with half the alphabet after his name. In the eyes of men experienced in literature, such childish distinctions convey with them no recommendation: but in reality they have ceased to be distinctions, since thousands can equally lay claim to them.

In his anxiety to show that the Cockneys have neither debased nor corrupted our language, Mr. Pegge proves too much. A great majority of the examples which he adduces of such alleged corruption are common to other dialects. But his fundamental principle is right, viz.—that what often appear to us debasements and corruptions are in reality mere antiquated forms of expression, which were once elegant, and which have been tenaciously preserved, despite the fluctuations of language. The inference drawn from it, however, is vicious,—that such forms may be justifiably used at the present day. Custom, and not analogy, is the *norma loquendi*.

There is so much of what we have termed "twaddle," and so much affectation of manner, in even the best of these 'Anecdotes,' that extracts cannot often be made without the risk of disgusting the reader. We will commence with one of the least objectionable—"Ge!" and "Wo!" Having observed, with equal originality and profundity, that "horses are made to move or stop mechanically by these words, at the pleasure of the drivers, being drilled into an observance of them by habitual sound and the fear of punishment," he proceeds:—

"Now the word *ge*, Sir, does not appear to me to be an artificial or whimsical term, without any other meaning than as applied to the motion of a cart-horse; on the other hand, with a very trifling modification, it seems to be the imperative '*Geh*,' of the German verb, '*Gehen*,' to go. The pronunciation of '*Geh*,' I am told, is hard ('*Ghey*'), which, with us, has by length of time, and for more easy utterance, been softened into '*Ge*,' conformably to the sound of '*Geh*' in English; for, in our language, the letter *Z*, preceded by the letter *G*, is allowed to have a soft tone; as, where *G* comes into contact with the vowels, the intonations are thus:—'*Ga*, *Jee*, *Jy*, *Go*, *Ga*."

It is not enough for a philosophic etymologist to give us the literal, he must also give us the metaphorical meaning. Thus, we are informed that in Yorkshire and Lancashire, where things do not "suit" each other, or "where neighbours do not accord," it is said, "They do not '*ge*' well together." For the truth of this valuable illustration he refers to "Tim Bobbin"; but lest the authority of the Milnrow schoolmaster should be deemed inadequate to warrant so grave a statement, he adds his own, *meipso teste*, *ne Societatis Asinorum socio*; "Nay, I can say that I have been an ear-witness to the expression myself." The expression is to be found, we believe, among those whom we style "the vulgar" in almost every county in England. Hear "William Barnes" for Dorsetshire: "Gee, jee. To agree; to go on well together" (Glossary, p. 306).

And now as to "Wo":—

"Let us now proceed to the second principal word understood by horses, viz. '*Wo*,' which will be found to be a term of high degree, anciently applied to valourous knights and combatants in armour (or harness, as it was called), though now it is degraded to horses in the harness of the present day. When, therefore, a waggoner uses this interjection to his horses, he speaks in the Danish language, it being a broad pronunciation of the word *Ho!* which is a word commanding cessation and desistance. It had anciently, as I have hinted, an honourable attachment to tilts and tournaments; for when the King, or President at the combat, gave the signal of discontinuance, by throwing down his warder (or baton), the heralds cried out to the combatants *Ho!* that is, *stop*. The French have enlarged the term to a dissyllable by the assistance of their favourite adjunct *La*, and used the compound word *Ho-la* (or *stop there*) in combats, and which we have adopted in common language, when we call to a person to *stop*."

The author of this precious derivation would have had some difficulty, we suspect, in establishing the identity of "Wo" with "Ho." "Ho," in the instances adduced, is not Danish, but Norman-French (the language of tourneys as of courts), being a corruption of Oyez, oyes, sometimes contracted to "Oys," "Oy" and "Oi."—Listen, hear! "Ho-la," Hear there! It is still used by the crier in our law courts, to enjoin silence when a proclamation is about to be read.

There is a great deal written in Mr. Pegge's volume on the derivation of the word "Cockney": but we cannot subscribe to any one of the hypotheses about it. We have no space for them, or for the various instances of obsolete and new-coined words which we have brought forward. Nor shall we notice his observations on orthography, except in one in-

stance, where sense of an and other was has disappeared, "why" he tells us, are quite sufficient book." we must also or two words that which them. The "Here we and the King Act I. sc. 4. "If a man have old tude sc. 3." The word present day "Were you and there was In many shows that "Hisself to—A court the Cockney the latter cock he and the construction a transposition ally arranged Alas! let that in these transitive, followed by "I am seen energetic in when intended loving two

No one, I think this as grammar through their effects."

In a MS. yes. I would any by an F.S.

"It is rather the genitive cessively, v ample: 'T Oxford was substantive abbreviate Ascham him &c.' This but we must say, 'T Oxford, was

Mr. Pegge's principles, like constructi grammars him so

mas, too, birch."

One in knowledge "The fol would not of age:— "Monies i "Riches, t "To him u

The comm instances, v (as they h nouns wit any petty neither me Here structure



stance, where he contends that "antic," in the sense of ancient, is quite as good as "public," and other words of which the final termination has disappeared. Thus, instead of an "antique vase," why not say an "antic" one? He had, he tells us, such a vase in his possession: we are quite sure that he has left the world an "antic book." Double negatives and comparatives we must also overlook; but we may notice one or two words once used in a different sense from that which our modern dictionaries ascribe to them. Thus the adjective "old":—

"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 4.

"If a man were porter to hell-gate, he would have old turning of the key."—*Macbeth*, Act II. sc. 2.

The word in precisely this sense is used at the present day in the West Riding of Yorkshire. "Were you at the auction yesterday?" "Yes; and there was old bidding."

In many of these 'Anecdotes' Mr. Pegge shows that he is a profound grammarian. Thus:—*'Hisself for Himself, Their-selves for Themselves, &c.'*—A courtier will say, 'Let him do it himself'; but the Cockney has it, 'Let him do it his-self.' Here the latter comes nearest to the truth, though both he and the courtier are wrong; for the grammatical construction should be—'Let he do it his-self'; or, by a transposition of words, better and more energetically arranged, 'Let he his-self do it.'

Alas! learned Socius! Little did he suspect that in these and similar instances "let" is a verb transitive, in the imperative mood, and must be followed by an accusative. Again:—

"I am sensible that it is accounted elegant and energetic language to use 'him-self' nominatively when intended to enforce personality, as in the following two examples:—

*Himself* hastened also to go out.

*Himself* an army.

No one, I believe, will be hardly enough to vindicate this as grammar; but it is allowed in all arts to break through the trammels of rule to produce great effects."

In a MS. note Horne Tooke exclaims, "Oh! yes. I will do it." And so, we should think, would any schoolboy in England,—if not taught by an F.S.A. Again:—

"It is rather difficult in our language to express the genitive plural in some cases where we speak possessively, without a circumlocution. Take this example: 'The reason of these gentlemen's going to Oxford was.' *Going to Oxford* is a sort of aggregate substantive or participle; but what has the 's,' an abbreviation of *his*, to do with numbers? Now Roger Ascham has it: 'The reason of it, &c. their going, &c.' This is as correct as our Grammar will allow; but we must here either leave the expression bald, or say, 'The reason why these gentlemen went to Oxford, was in order to,' &c."

Mr. Pegge, it appears, did not know that participles, like verbs infinitive, have often the same construction as nouns! The most ordinary grammars, Latin or English, could have told him so. In a note to the passage, Mr. Christmas, too, seems to have forgotten "the days of birch."

One instance more of our author's profound knowledge of Priscian:—

"The following examples of ungrammatical texture would not be thought venial in a boy of twelve years of age:—

'Monies is your suit.'—*Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. 3.

'Riches, finelless, is as poor as winter

'To him who ever fears he shall be poor.'

*Othello*, Act III. sc. 3.

The commentators would complacently term these instances merely plural nouns with singular verbs (as they have discovered, on the other hand, singular nouns with plural verbs) terminations; but I fancy any petty schoolmaster would decidedly call them neither more nor less than false concord."

Here Mr. Christmas seems to think the construction "may be defended on the ground that

the verb is made to agree with the second instead of the first noun"; but not being quite sure of this, he observes, "or if we are obliged to abandon it, we may saddle it on the Jew, and acquit Shakespeare." Indeed! Shakespeare, we suspect, wants no such indulgence. Such forms of construction as the first are defended by ancient grammarians on a much better ground: that where the verb substantive comes between two nominatives of different numbers, it agrees with that which is the more emphatic, and the concord is justified alike by grammar and philosophy. As to the second instance, "riches" is frequently used as a singular noun by our old writers.

If, however, we cannot obtain much information, grammatical or otherwise, from these 'Anecdotes,' we may obtain amusement, though for it we are not often indebted to the author. Thus, we have two contributed by the editor:—

"Dr. C. Manners Sutton, late Archbishop of Canterbury, was addressed by a rude fellow who claimed relationship with him on the ground that his name was Sutton. 'I am afraid,' said the Archbishop, 'that I cannot indulge the idea of being related to you, for my name is MANNERS Sutton; now it seems you want the Manners!' Another story is told of Manners, the first Earl of Rutland, who supposing that Sir Thomas More was elevated with his dignities, said to him, 'Honore mutant Mores.' 'No,' replied Sir Thomas, 'but honours do change Manners.'"

"A more remarkable specimen of translation was given by a young man at Cambridge, not long ago. He was going through the examination called the Previous Examination, or 'Little-go,' and in one of the books read for that purpose occurred the word *δίκαιο*, which the ingenious youth rendered, 'a white horse.' Struck with the novelty of this translation, the examiner paused, and put the word again, and again was informed that *δίκαιο* was a white horse. 'I do not mean, Sir, that I know every word in the book, but I do know that, Sir; for I looked it out in the Lexicon.' 'Well, Sir, and what did your Lexicon say?' 'It said *δίκαιο*, equus, candidus; and that is a white horse.'"

One or two illustrations from the Rev. James Bandinel may also be properly introduced:—

"In 1815, a man in the schools at Oxford actually translated *βασανίζω*, shaving themselves. In 1838, another rendered *nivea vitta* (in Horace's Odes) a white tie; conceiving, it should seem, that such an appendage denoted a victim. An Italian translator of Byron's Manfred, rendered, 'And the wisp in the morass,' as though wisp meant a bundle of straw! The poet paid him to stop! But the most singular translation which ever came to my knowledge was that for, as the authorized version hath it—'The devil is a liar, and the father of it.' The aspirant in question construed *καὶ ὁ πατὴρ αὐτοῦ*, 'and so was his father.' One has heard of the Devil's dam, but the gloss in question gives us a further insight into his pedigree."

Another from Mr. Christmas:—

"The great work of Gibbon was once quoted by Sheridan, in his speech on the trial of Warren Hastings, 'as the luminous page of Gibbon.' Proud of the compliment, the historian everywhere repeated it. When this was told to Sheridan, he replied, 'I said vo-luminous.'"

There are some observations, not always accurate, on the popular signs of public-houses in London; but we have had enough of trifling.

*Journal of an African Cruiser.* By an Officer of the U.S. Navy. Edited by N. Hawthorne. Wiley & Putnam.

THIS is a diary, by an American, of considerable interest, comprising sketches of the Canaries, Cape de Verdes, Madeira, Liberia, Sierra Leone, and other spots on the west coast of Africa. The writer is a modest person, and expresses himself with as much ingenuousness as humility. The sketches are confessedly of a desultory character, in which he candidly informs the reader that "he felt himself nowise bound to tell all that it might be desirable to

know, but only to be accurate in what he does tell." The journal commences with the departure from the harbour of New York in June, 1843—takes us into and out of the Gulf Stream—and, with wind and weather fine, we sail on until the island of Palma and the Peak of Teneriffe are in full sight. They anchored successively at Santa Cruz, at Cape Mesurado, off the town of Monrovia, and at Cape Palmas. At the latter place the journalist remarks that the Catholic mission seems to have driven the Presbyterian from the ground. Here they were boarded by Kroomen, in eight or ten canoes:—

"The Kroomen are indispensable in carrying on the commerce and maritime business of the African coast. When a Kroo-boat comes alongside, you may buy the canoe, hire the men at a moment's warning, and retain them in your service for months. They expend no time or trouble in providing their equipment, since it consists merely of a straw hat and a piece of white or coloured cotton girded about their loins. In their canoes, they deposit these girdles in the crowns of their hats; nor is it unusual, when a shower threatens them on shore, to see them place this sole garment in the same convenient receptacle, and then make for shelter. When rowing a boat, or paddling a canoe, it is their custom to sing; and, as the music goes on, they seem to become invigorated, applying their strength cheerfully, and with limbs as unwearied as their voices. One of their number leads in recitative, and the whole company respond in the chorus. The subject of the song is a recital of the exploits of the men, their employments, their intended movements, the news of the coast, and the character of their employers. It is usual, in these extemporaneous strains, for the Kroomen attached to a man-of-war to taunt, with good-humoured satire, their friends who are more laboriously employed in merchant vessels, and not so well fed and paid. Their object in leaving home, and entering into the service of navigators, is generally to obtain the means of purchasing wives, the number of whom constitutes a man's importance. The sons of 'gentlemen' (for there is such a distinction of rank among them) never labour at home, but do not hesitate to go away, for a year or two, and earn something to take to their families. On the return of these wanderers—not like the prodigal son, but bringing wealth to their kindred—great rejoicings are instituted. A bullock is killed by the head of the family, guns are fired, and two or three days are spent in the performance of various plays and dances. The 'boy' gives all his earnings to his father, and places himself again under the parental authority. The Krooman of maturer age, on his return from an expedition of this kind, buys a wife, or perhaps more than one, and distributes the rest of his accumulated gains among his relatives. In a week, he has nothing left but his wives and his house. Age is more respected by the Africans than by any other people. Even if the son be forty years old, he seldom seeks to emancipate himself from the paternal government. If a young man falls in love, he, in the first place, consults his father. The latter makes propositions to the damsel's father, who, if his daughter agree to the match, announces the terms of purchase. The price varies in different places, and is also influenced by other circumstances, such as the respectability and power of the family, and the beauty and behaviour of the girl. The arrangements here described are often made when the girl is only five or six years of age, in which case she remains with her friends until womanhood, and then goes to the house of her bridegroom. Meantime, her family receive the stipulated price, and are responsible for her good behaviour. Should she prove faithless, and run away, her purchase-money must be refunded by her friends, who, in their turn, have a claim upon the family of him who seduces or harbours her. If prompt satisfaction be not made (which, however, is generally the case), there will be a 'big palaver,' and a much heavier expense for damages and costs. If, after the commencement of married life, the husband is displeased with his wife's conduct, he complains to her father, who either takes her back, and repays the dowry, or more frequently advises that she be flogged. In the latter alternative, she is tied, starved, and severely

beaten; a mode of conjugal discipline which generally produces the desired effect. Should the wife be suspected of infidelity, the husband may charge her with it, and demand that she drink the poisonous decoction of sassy-wood, which is used as the test of guilt or innocence, in all cases that are considered too uncertain for human judgment. If her stomach free itself from the fatal draught by vomiting, she is declared innocent, and is taken back by her family, without repayment of the dower. On the other hand, if the poison begin to take effect, she is pronounced guilty; an emetic is administered in the shape of common soap; and her husband may, at his option, either send her home, or cut off her nose and ears."

We pass over much, and pause awhile in the harbour of Porte Grande, because there the author registers some good deeds performed by his countrymen:—

"This group of islands is chiefly interesting to Americans, as being the resort of our whale-ships, to refit and obtain supplies, and of other vessels trading to the coast of Africa. Little was generally known of them, however, in America, until 1832, when a long-continued drought parched up the fields, destroyed the crops, and reduced the whole population to the verge of death, by famine. Not less than ten thousand did actually perish of hunger; and the remainder were saved only by the timely, prompt and bountiful supplies, sent out from every part of the United States. I well remember the thrill of compassion that pervaded the community at home, on hearing that multitudes were starving in the Cape de Verd islands. Without pausing to inquire who they were, or whether entitled to our assistance, by any other than the all-powerful claim of wretchedness, the Americans sent vessel after vessel, laden with food, which was gratuitously distributed to the poor. The supplies were liberal and unremitted, until the rains returned, and gave the usual crops to the cultivators."

They now made a boat excursion to the neighbouring land of St. Antonio, a place as yet "uncelebrated by voyagers and tourists":—

"The village is situated at the point where a valley opens upon the shore. The sides of this vale are steep, and, in many places, high, perpendicular, and rocky. Every foot of earth is cultivated; and where the natural inclination of the hill is too great to admit of tillage, stone-walls are built to sustain terraces, which rise one over another like giant steps to the mountain-tops. It was the beginning of harvest, and the little valley presented an appearance of great fertility. Corn, bananas, figs, guavas, grapes, oranges, sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, and many other fruits and vegetables, are raised in abundance. The annual vintage in this and a neighbouring valley, appertaining to the same parish, amounts to about seventy-five pipes of wine. It is sour and unpalatable, not unlike hard cider and water. When a cultivator first tries his wine, it is a custom of the island for him to send notice to all his acquaintances, who invariably come in great force, each bringing a piece of salt fish to keep his thirst alive. Not unfrequently, the whole produce of the season is exhausted by a single carouse. The people are all negroes and mulattoes. Male and female, they are very expert swimmers, and are often in the habit of swimming out to sea, with a basket or notched stick to hold their fish; and thus they angle for hours, resting motionless on the waves, unless attacked by a shark. In this latter predicament, they turn upon their backs, and kick and splash until the sea-monster be frightened away. They appear to be a genial and pleasant-tempered race. \* \* Five or six miles further, we landed at Paolo, where reside several families who regard themselves as the aristocracy of St. Antonio, on the score of being connected with Señor Martinez, the great man of these islands. Their houses are neatly built, and the fields and gardens well cultivated. They received us hospitably, principally because one of our party was a connection of the family. I was delighted with an exhibition of feeling on the part of an old negro servant-woman. She came into the parlour, sat down at the feet of our companion, embraced his knees, and looked up in his face with a countenance full of joy, mingled with respect and confidence. We saw but two ladies at this settlement. One was a matron with nine chil-

dren; the other a dark brunette, very graceful and pleasing, with the blackest eyes and whitest teeth in the world. She wore a shawl over the right shoulder and under the left arm, arranged in a truly fascinating manner. The poorer classes in the vicinity are nearly all coloured, and mostly free. They work for eight or ten cents a day, living principally on fruit and vegetables, and are generally independent, because their few wants are limited to the supply. The richest persons live principally within themselves, and derive their meats, vegetables, fruits, wine, brandy, sugar, coffee, oil, and most other necessities and luxuries, from their own plantations. One piece of furniture, however, to be seen in several of the houses, was evidently not the manufacture of the island, but an export of Yankee-land. It was the wooden clock, in its shining mahogany case, adorned with bright red and yellow pictures of Saints and the Virgin, to suit the taste of good Catholics. It might have been fancied that the renowned Sam Slick, having glutted all other markets with his wares, had made a voyage to St. Antonio. Nor did they lack a proper artist to keep the machine in order. We met here a person whom we at first mistook for a native, so identical were his manners and appearance with those of the inhabitants; until, in conversation, we found him to be a Yankee, who had run away from a whale-ship, and established himself as a clock and watch-maker. \* \* Poverson is the capital of the island, and contains about two thousand inhabitants, who, with few exceptions, are people of colour. The streets are crooked and narrow, and the houses mean. We called upon the military and civil Governors, and, after accepting an invitation to dine with the former, left the place for a further expedition. Passing over a shallow river, in which a number of women and girls were washing clothes, we ascended a hill so steep as to oblige us to dismount, and from the summit of which we had a fine view of the rich valley beneath. It is by far the most extensive tract of cultivated land that we have seen in the island, and is improved to its utmost capacity. We thence rode three miles over a path of the same description as before, and arrived at the village and port of Point-de-Sol. The land about this little town is utterly barren, and the inhabitants are dependent on Poverson for food, with the exception of fish. A custom-house, a single store, a church, and some twenty houses of fishermen, comprise all the notable characteristics of the principal seaport of the island. It was a part of our duty to make an examination of the harbour, for which purpose we needed a boat. Two were hauled up on the beach; but the smallest would have required the power of a dozen men to launch her;—whereas, the fishermen being absent in their vocation, our party of three, and a big boy at the store, comprised our whole available masculine strength. The aid of woman, however, is seldom sought in vain; nor did it fail us now. Old and young, matron and maid, they all sallied forth to lend a hand, and, with such laughing and screaming as is apt to attend feminine efforts, enabled us to launch the boat. In spite of their patois of bad Portuguese, we contrived to establish a mutual understanding. A fine, tall girl, with a complexion of deep olive, clear, large eyes, and teeth beautifully white and even, stood by my side; and, like the Ancient Mariner and his sister's son, we pulled together. She was strong, and, as Byron says, 'lovely in her strength.' This difficultly surmounted, we rowed round the harbour, made our examination, and returned to the beach, where we again received the voluntary assistance of the women, in dragging the boat beyond the reach of the waves. We now adjourned to the store, in order to requite their kindness by a pecuniary offering. Each of our fair friends received two large copper coins, together equal to nine cents, and were perfectly satisfied, as well they might be—for it was the price of a day's work. Two or three individuals, moreover, 'turned double corners,' and were paid twice; and it is my private belief that the tall beauty received her two coppers three times over."

We are glad to find that the writer, though he speaks but doubtfully of the present state of Liberia, considers that the colonists, the liberated slaves, are better off than when in America,—more independent, as healthy, and much happier.

The native kings, who rule far in the interior, are said to assume much power and great state:

"The King of Apollonia, adjoining Axim Territory, is said to be very rich and powerful. If the report of his nearest civilized neighbour, the Governor of Axim, is to be credited, this potentate's house is furnished most sumptuously in the European style. Gold cups, pitchers, and plates, are used at his table, with furniture of corresponding magnificence in all the departments of his household. He possesses vast treasures in bullion and gold dust. The Governor of Dixcove informed me, that, about four years ago, he accompanied an English expedition against Apollonia, which is still claimed by England, although their fort there has been abandoned. On their approach, the King fled, and left them masters of the place. Some of the English soldiers opened the sepulchre of the King last deceased, and took away an unknown amount of gold. Afterwards, by order of the Governor, the remainder was taken from the grave, amounting to several hundred dollars. Together with the treasure, numerous articles had been buried, such as a knife, plate, and cup, swords, guns, cloth, goods of various kinds, and, in short, everything that the dead King had required while alive. There were also four skeletons, two of each sex, buried beneath the royal coffin. It is said that sixty victims were sacrificed on occasion of the funeral, of whom only the most distinguished were allowed, even in death, to approach their master so nearly, and act as his immediate attendants in the world of spirits. The splendour of an African funeral, on the Gold Coast, is unparalleled. It is customary for persons of wealth to smear the corpses of their friends with oil, and then to powder them with gold-dust from head to foot, so as to produce the appearance of bronzed or golden statues."

We have thus given the reader a taste of the quality of this pleasant little volume, and hope to return to it.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Notitia Britannica; or, an Enquiry concerning the Localities, Habits, Condition, and Progressive Civilization of the Aborigines of Britain, &c.*, by W. D. Saull, F.S.A. F.G.S. F.R.A.S. &c.—Mr. Saull is one of the Pegge genus, but of an inferior species, since the latter did know something of what he was writing about. Nearly all this author's leading positions might be easily controverted. We should like him to prove who the "Aborigines" of Britain were. They were certainly not Celts, the conquering and dominant tribe, who introduced into this island a system of religion and modes of life far superior to those of mere barbarism. What tribes existed when they arrived, or what subsequently joined them, it would be useless to inquire. But we doubt very much whether the most savage of the tribes, British or Scythian, Celtic or Phœnician, ever inhabited such burrows as Mr. Saull has found for them. The kind of huts inhabited by our British ancestors—the rude bowers of the forest—did not escape the observation of Cæsar; and had any of them lived chiefly in the ground, like the Esquimaux, or the Ethiopian Troglodytes (who, by the way, never existed), the curious circumstance would have struck him too forcibly to have been passed over in his 'Commentaries.' The rude habitations described in this pamphlet were for the dead, not for the living. The author's self-confidence is great; but it is surpassed by another quality, which we shall not particularly indicate.

*The South Sea People and Christendom, an Ethnographic Dissertation [Die Südsee-völker und das Christenthum, &c.]*, by Dr. Meinicke, of Brentzen.—The present volume bears honourable testimony to the diligence of the author, who lets no authority, capable of throwing light on the subjects, escape him. On the heathen opinions and rites of the islanders—their gods, sacrifices, prayers, temples, and monstrous superstitions—he expatiates as far as his limits will permit him. The manners of the inhabitants, too, are graphically noticed,—their births, marriages, funerals, meals, huts, clothing, and social life in general. Their political institutions, their form of government by kings, chiefs, and elders, are also noticed. But no slight portion of the volume is devoted to the progress of the missionaries in those

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islands, with their dissensions among one another, and their disputes with the native rulers. If all these subjects are well known to us from the works of Williams and other missionaries, they must have considerable novelty for the Germans, and especially for the Silesians.

*The Causes and Consequences of National Revolutions among the Ancients and Moderns Compared*, by S. Lucas, B.A.—This is a prize essay, read June 4, in the Sheldonian Theatre, at Oxford,—philosophical in form and methodical in treatment. The writer recognizes an "Eternal purpose" in the history of nations, which, accordingly, "proceed in a course of development." A tendency to equality between birth and property is also found "existing under a like form in ancient and modern history." The European world, however, "has not yet supplied the facts necessary to illustrate the contest which follows the concluded struggle between property and birth." "If," says Mr. Lucas, "there is a promise for modern civilization, it must seek its assurance in the main source of all other difference between ourselves and antiquity,—the elements which entered either civilization." The Celts and the Teutons differ from the classic nations in their unwillingness to sacrifice their liberty to political organization. The Northern prizes above all things his personal independence, and only overcomes by degrees his natural repugnance to political connexion,—appearing even, for a time, in direct antagonism to the necessity of government. His respect for law, even, grew out of his liking for liberty,—law recognized mainly as the instrument of its preservation. Yet, though the characteristics of race point and illuminate each page of modern history, they have worked throughout in a medium which precludes undue exaggeration—that of a common Christianity. When forced into the position of a distinct society, as the Church, it effected much, also, by substituting for the weaker or more vicious tendencies of general society its own measure of enlarged intelligence. Resisting the spirit of caste, the Church assisted the energy of race in the Middle Ages,—ordaining a Saxon Becket to be primate of the Northern Church—a peasant to sit in the seat of Gregory or Adrian. Modern revolutions, in Mr. Lucas's opinion, have hence a tendency to finally perpetuate the system which in antiquity similar circumstances violently convulsed and destroyed. Society, old in years, has yet none of the symptoms of feebleness or lassitude; it has attained refinement without enervation, and grown in wealth without deepening in corruption. The tone of the higher minds among us is hopeful; political changes themselves tend rather to the stability of government, the resources of which have been increased by centralization. In fine, he tells us that "the great mutations of the world are acted; that within the limits of a system, as a whole indissoluble, the increasing purpose which runs through the ages may some day consummate its ends in peace." Such is the theory that pervades the argument of this clever essay,—which, without agreeing with in all points, it is but justice to say, is learnedly supported and elegantly explained.

*The Duties of the Christian Ministry: with a View of the Primitive and Apostolic Church, &c.*, by the Rev. J. Bailey, M.A., of Ceylon.—This volume is distinguished by two things: its High Church principles would delight even Dr. Pusey; while its flattery must delight the author's diocesan, the Bishop of Madras. According to the writer, anything episcopal is surrounded with a peculiar glory; and, what is better, he does not think the whitest lawn sleeves half so pure as the men who wear them. Whether it may be his own lot some time to figure amidst "the goodly fellowship," we are not prophets enough to say; but we are quite sure that he would not think the bench any worse for such an accession. We, too, are of the same opinion, and therefore wish him all the success he can desire; for, after all his flattery, and his encomiums on everything connected with the Church, he is evidently an amiable man, and, we have no doubt, a useful clergyman.

*The Literary History of the New Testament.*—Designed as a popular manual, this work makes no pretensions to originality,—but takes advantage of researches already made, which are apparently compiled with care. The author deserves credit for the simplicity of his style, and his freedom from polemical

opinions. He confines himself, for the most part, strictly to the literary and historical, and since he has thus avoided exciting prejudice, his book may safely be referred to by readers of all professions for the information it contains.

*The Biblical Cabinet—Hengstenberg's Commentary on the Psalms*—translated by the Rev. P. Fairbairn.—This specimen of German Theology has crept into the favour of English divines. It has, in fact, superior claims on attention, both on account of its learning and taste, and freedom from offensive peculiarities, whether of the nation or the individual.

*Calvin's Aphorisms and Letters to Francis I., in Defence of the Reformation*, by a Graduate of Oxford University.—We have here Calvin's opinions as to the source and extent of church authority; and his estimate of patristic theology. It is contended that the theologians, since the Reformation, form a body of scholars, linguists, critics, and commentators far superior to their predecessors. There is a prejudice which necessarily attaches to Calvin's name; this the editor seeks to remove, and gives such an interpretation of his author's doctrine of election as, in his opinion, renders it harmless.

*Home Sermons, each Six Minutes long*, by the Rev. A. Williams.—If brevity be the soul of piety as well as of wit, the compiler of these aids to family devotion may claim credit for a desirable attribute. We can, moreover, commend the publication for the fitness to the end proposed by it; both style and matter being good as well as concise.

*An Alphabet of Emblems*, by the Rev. T. B. Murray.—A well intended verse book, for the instruction of children, executed with some elegance and prettily illustrated.

*Sin: a Poem.*—This work ought to have been eminently poetical; Sin having been, in an obvious sense, the occasional cause of all the poetry in the world. The writer's mind, however, lacks elevation or expansion to take this view of the subject. The execution is commonplace and mechanical.

*The Church: a Poem for the Times*, by Clericus.—The controversy now going on in the Church assumes every form by turns: tract, treatise, trial; sermon, charge and judgment; essay, satire and poem; all, of course, "for the times." Verse and prose, small talk and oratory, all engage in the argument. No medium is too high for it,—none too low. The poem before us is described by its author in the Dedication as a "little poem." In one respect, certainly, it is small enough. The fanaticism displayed in some parts of this pamphlet is deplorably unchristian. The burthen of the writer's plea is the union of the Church of England with Rome; to succeed, it must be argued with more tact and discretion.

*The Voice of Freedom: a Poem in Two Cantos*, by a Civilian in the H.E.I.C. Service.—Some ninety Spenserian stanzas, at least harmoniously written, and containing some descriptions and reflections which afford pleasure in perusal, though somewhat too Byronic in style and sentiment. It is, in fact, an apology in verse for the French Revolution.

*The War of the Surplice: a Poem*, by Anti-Empiricus.—*St. Oldwoman: a Myth of the 19th Century*, contained in a Letter from the Bishop of Verulam to the Lord Drayton.—The first is a lively pasquinade by an anti-tractarian; the second an epistle supposed to be written in the year 1950, when Ireland shall have become Protestant, and England Romanist. It is conducted with much point and some sarcasm; but the contingency predicated of England, we take it, is now less likely to happen than ever: besides, the Tractarian controversy bears every sign of having nearly worn itself out. It was from the first of an individual, not of a popular character: there was, therefore, never any real life in it; and it has only been maintained by an artificial agitation, skilfully conducted by a few fanatic scholars. All parties, by this time, are wearied with the "stale pretence," and "the war" is rapidly expiring of natural exhaustion,—men and dialectical resources being equally wanting to continue the contest.

*Tales of Good and Great Kings*, by M. Fraser Tytler,—like all of this author's books for the young—contain sound principles and interesting facts set forth in clear narrative.

*Manual of Astronomy*, by John Drew.—When we see little books on astronomy, with nice print and

interesting plates, we often fear lest we should have to encounter and report upon some of those inaccuracies which authors excuse by saying they "write for the people, not for men of science." But we have been very agreeably disappointed in Mr. Drew's work: he has performed his undertaking in a sound as well as entertaining manner. The descriptions are from good sources, and are clearly given. There is, here and there, a very little mathematics, not enough to spoil much of the work for a popular reader, but quite enough to be of great service to any one who has a slight remembrance of what he learnt at school. The account of astronomical instruments is rather a new step in a work of the kind, and adds much to its value.

*A Treatise on Factorial Analysis*, by Thomas Tate.—The author (who is mathematical teacher in the training school at Battersea) is very well up to his subject, and has produced an interesting paper on what is in this country a neglected branch of analysis. He would, we think, have done more wisely if he had adhered to the common German notation: but, nevertheless, the young mathematician will find some useful exercises, and the old one some pretty extensions.

*Sydney and Melbourne*, by C. J. Baker, Esq.—*Letters from Wangani, New Zealand.*—*Remarks on the Past and Present State of New Zealand*, by W. Brodie.—*New Zealand and its Aborigines*, by W. Brown.—*A Sketch of New South Wales*, by J. O. Balfour, Esq.—*The Emigrant's Guide to Australia*, by the Rev. D. Mackenzie.—*Views of Canada*, by a Four Years' Resident.—*The Athenæum*, fortunately, is not expected to take part in the vexed questions about colonial policy,—nor can we, every six months, reconsider our judgment as to the relative merits of the different colonies: it is enough therefore to announce these several publications, and leave the intended emigrant to decide for himself: only reminding him that emigration is full of risk to every one,—risk not merely of worldly fortune, but of far more important interest, even of life itself. Not, perhaps, that England is more healthy *per se* than the neighbourhood of Melbourne, or Toronto, or Quebec, or Sydney; but the emigrant is apt to overlook the violence done to every constitution, young or old, by removing from a climate, a soil, a mode of life, to scenes which must always be trying, if only because they are new. Add to this all-important consideration, the uncertainty of success. Under the most favourable circumstances emigration is a lottery, and should not be hastily adopted, even if it were not attended with the disruption of ties which alone, in many instances, make existence desirable.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Book of Fashionable Life, 2nd edit. 32mo. 1s. 6d. swd.  
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 Coroner's (Miss) History of Scotland, with Questions annexed, plates and map, 12mo. 3s. cl.  
 Drew's (John) Manual of Astronomy, royal 18mo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Edward's (T. W. C.) Latin Dialects, 8th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
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 Letters and Passages from the Life of the late Rev. Robert Anderson, by the Hon. Mrs. Anderson, 2nd edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Luke Sharp, by Paget (Juvenile Englishman's Library) 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Master Passion (The), and other Tales and Sketches, by Thomas C. Grattan, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. cl.  
 Murray's Colonial and Home Library, Vol. XII. 'Darwin's Naturalist's Voyage,' square crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.  
 Nimrod; the Adventures of a Man to obtain a Solution of Scriptural Geology, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 4s. cl.  
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 Parrell's (Edward A.) Elements of Chemical Analysis, 2nd edition, enlarged, 8vo. 14s. cl.  
 Practical Christian's Library, 'Companion to the Prayer Book,' 18mo. 1s. cl. swd.  
 Practical Christian's Library, 'Andrew's Parish Sermons,' 18mo. 3s. cl. swd.  
 Prideaux's Practical Guide to Churchwardens, new ed. 12mo. 6s. bds.  
 Poems, by A. Fisher and a Daughter, 1 vol. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.  
 Poems, by Allen Park Paton, crown 8vo. 2s. cl.  
 Pyne's Vital Magnetism, 3rd edit. royal 18mo. 2s. cl.  
 Sermons for Sundays, Vol. I. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Swiss Family Robinson, 12th edit. with Notes and Illustrations, 12mo. 6s. cl.  
 Turnley (Joseph), The Spirit of the Vatican, Illustrated by Historical Dramatic Sketches, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language, new edit. 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 31s. 3s. cl.  
 Wild Flowers and their Teachings, Illustrated by 36 real specimens of flowers, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Wiley & Co.'s Library of American Books—'Big Abel and the Manhattan,' by Cornelius Matthews, crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Wright's Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, with 200 wood engravings and 7 maps, 5 vols. 8vo. 27s. 10s. cl.

## A SUMMER VISIT TO VILLEBON IN LA BEAUCE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

AMONGST the many rambles in France which I have made from time to time, few interested me more than a journey I took from Paris to the fine old Chateau de Villebon, about twelve miles from Chartres, where Sully, the great minister and friend of the King of France and of Romance, Henri Quatre, resided for many years and closed his illustrious career after a life of vicissitude, which, though varied by triumphs and good fortune, was yet marked by more of anxiety and disappointment. He had seen the star of his beloved master rise from amongst the clouds that obscured its lustre; he had hailed him as the most respected monarch of Europe, and saw his arms triumphant over countless enemies, but he had also witnessed too much of the weakness of his idol, and had at length beheld the setting of his sun in blood. The dagger of the assassin which struck to the heart of Henry, annihilated the happiness of Sully, and he retired from the world and its changes, from the court and its sycophants, to the quiet retirement of his favourite castle, near Courville en Beauce, where he gave himself the sad, yet pleasing, task of collecting all the documents he could bring together, referring to the times in which he and his adored friend had lived and acted.

At the Chateau de Villebon, in one of the turrets is a small chamber which is divided from one of much larger dimensions by a curtain of tapestry. The large room was the sleeping apartment of Sully, and the small one was his private cabinet, where the celebrated 'Memoirs' were written by several secretaries at his dictation.

In the bed in which he died, I slept during my stay at the castle, and his cabinet was my dressing-room, from the huge window of which I looked forth upon the park and gardens, and down on the broad moat which entirely surrounds the dwelling, and is still filled with water of considerable depth, within whose stream enormous pike, thought to be of the age of the great owner, glide swiftly along in pursuit of their finny victims, emblems both of the Catholic and Huguenot contentions which so long disturbed the fortunes of Henry and his friend.

On two occasions I paid a long summer visit to this fine old castle, and each time was equally delighted with my sojourn. In winter, of course, the scene is not so brilliant as when I saw it beneath a glowing sun; but still there is a charm about an antique place of this kind, which is not destroyed by a blaze of wood fires, contrasting with the frost and snow without.

It was the July of a remarkably hot summer when I first arrived at Sully's Castle, in the centre of that district called La Beauce, in the Chartrain. The road from Chartres to Courville is not particularly good, but, after leaving the latter town, that which leads across the country to Villebon is about the worst that I ever had the hard fortune to travel. In fact, it is little else than a way beaten by horses and waggons into something like a road over ploughed fields and through miry lanes. The delicate Parisian carriage which had been sent to meet us at Chartres was in considerable jeopardy, but its springs bore all the jolting in an almost incredible manner, and we at length arrived at the little mean village of Villebon, where all the inhabitants were at their cabin doors to see us. The village has been formerly defended by a wall which enclosed it, and was surrounded with a moat, remains of both of which defences are still visible. We passed through two ruined gates, and proceeded up an avenue of trees, formally clipped, according to the usual fashion. After driving through the last gate at the end of this avenue, we found ourselves in front of the castle, whose venerable and solemn bulk stood out in sombre relief against the bright blue sky. It is built of dark red brick, and offers a façade of four huge towers of different sizes surmounted by battlements. One of these towers, the most ancient, has a crack nearly from top to bottom; but so firm is the building still, that the repairs which have been made have set all fears at rest as to its solidity.

There are several drawbridges across the wide moat: over the chief of which we passed from the extensive outer court, where, on pedestals, stand two Sphinxes holding shields, sadly defaced, as the latter, bearing the arms of the Duke de Sully, had of course

excited the ire of the revolutionists when they paid a visit to the castle. This is, however, almost the only damage which has been done, for, although, on one occasion, cannon were placed in the court ready to batter down the old walls if necessary, counter orders arrived which forbade such proceedings.

After thundering across the front drawbridge, which is sustained by thick iron chains, we entered the inner court, and the singular features of the building became evident. The architecture is very irregular: numerous low-arched doorways conduct to the different wings: windows of all sizes are placed here and there along the walls and up the towers, and long thin turrets run up by the side of larger ones peering over the battlements. The grand entrance is by a low stone archway, where, in niches above, stand the busts of Sully and his duchess. A dark, winding stone staircase, very much worn, leads to the principal chambers of state. On the ground floor is a large hall in which much of the original furniture, of the time of Sully, remains; this was, in his time, used as a dining hall, but is now called the "Chambre de Henri Quatre" in consequence of the walls having been adorned, by order of the Duke, with paintings representing the most memorable actions of the life of Henry the Great. The two arm-chairs in which Sully and his duchess were accustomed to sit, are still there, and several of the stools used by the rest of the family: not one of his children, of whatever age, being permitted more comfortable accommodation in the presence of their parents. Beyond this hall is a smaller chamber called "the cabinet of illustrious men," in consequence of the numerous portraits which once covered its walls, several of which are now scattered over the castle in different rooms. They were generally presents made to the Duke by those great men whom they represented. In Sully's time, the adjoining hall, splendidly furnished, was appropriated to the captain of his guard, and here the younger guests were entertained, on occasions of festivity, for Sully remarked to the young men, when he invited their fathers to his own table and indicated their place to them, "You are not old enough to remain with us; we should soon grow weary of each other."

On the first story above this hall, is another of equal size, and this, during my stay, was the usual dining-room of the family who then occupied the castle. It was a very imposing event to me the first time I dined there, in a hall so large that I could scarcely see to the end of it. The walls are covered with tapestry, representing, under gigantic forms, the story of Cupid and Psyche, and here and there a picture of some hero of the time gone by, frowns from above. The ceiling is covered with beams of dark wood, splendidly gilt, with the arms of Sully and his duchess emblazoned at the joints and intersections. The floor is now of polished red tiles of octagon form, extremely beautiful, but dangerously slippery. The chimney is very elaborately carved and gilded, with devices, and mottoes, and arms in profusion. In this room was once a dais and canopy, under which stood a throne destined for the gorgeous pair, who kept up an almost regal state in their establishment.

Beyond this hall, the windows of which look into the gardens, is a beautiful sitting-room, where, as it is the chief resort of the family, there is a good deal of modern furniture from Paris; but still the old character predominates, and some fine Gobelin tapestry at one end, and two enormous full-length portraits of Henry and Sully on the walls, give it a majestic appearance. I was much struck with a large looking-glass over the chimney-piece, divided into six parts, doubtless a rarity in Sully's days, and considered a wonderful luxury. A row of embroidered satin, high-backed chairs, and a corresponding row of stools at their feet, are ranged against the walls, and renew the thought of the great subjection in which young persons were kept in the venerable times, when fathers and mothers were treated as little less than deities to their faces, but ruined, and neglected, and ill-used, as much as in more modern times, by spendthrift heirs, as the great duke himself bitterly felt; for his sons, in spite of the discipline in which they were kept, were singularly disobedient and unruly.

A suite of charming rooms, used as bed-chambers, and all having agreeable views over the gardens and

park, extend beyond this to that called Sully's chamber, and cabinet. I deserted the pretty turret room with modern furniture, where I first took up my abode, for this more solemn, and more historically interesting suite on my second visit. Here stands the high carved bedstead, with its hangings of gold-coloured satin, where Sully once reposed: round this room the faded tapestry represents portions of the siege of Troy, with the names of the characters written on their robes. Helen's costume is of the fifteenth century, and, sitting on her long embroidered cloth of gold train, is a little white greyhound. She steps along, led by Paris, with great gallantry, over enamelled meads, towards the sea-shore, where vessels are waiting to convey the fair deceiver to her lover's country.

Enormous silver dogs stand in the expansive chimney, and a very high window-seat is surmounted by trellised windows, which look into the inner court. A private stone staircase, with a beautifully carved roof, conducts from the apartments of Sully to the court below, and an opposite door of the chief chamber opens to a closet, which leads to an immensely long gallery, extending along the whole of one wing of the castle. This is now filled with suits of armour, some belonging to the wars of the Huguenots, and other curiosities. It is glazed on each side, and is full of light; but at night, when the moonbeams stream in from the numerous casements, there is something singularly impressive in passing down through the mailed groups of figures, standing with their vizors closed, as if ready for combat.

There is a theatre, now disused, and a pretty room on the ground floor of one of the towers, which was arranged by the widow of Sully for his statue, which she had executed in fine Italian marble; but which either was never put up, or has been removed. The walls of this room are covered with inscriptions in honour of the great duke, and in memory of his widow's regret. Over the door is written—

"Rachel de Cochefilet, Duchess-dowager of Sully, after the death of Maximilian de Bethune, Duke de Sully, her husband, with whom she lived forty-nine years in marriage, to honour his memory, and, in testimony of her grief for his loss, has erected this statue in the year 1642."

A Catholic chapel, detached from the castle, stands in a little grove at the back, across one of the drawbridges, and its graceful spire is a pretty object from the grounds. This is dedicated to St. Anne, the patron-saint of Villebon, much invoked by the peasants of the neighbourhood. The head of the saint is supposed to be contained in a shrine on the altar: when the late Protestant proprietor came first to Villebon, the country people waited on him in a body, entreating that he would not remove the head, as "she kept the hail from their fields." It is somewhat singular that a Protestant family has generally, from the time of Sully, inhabited the castle, so that the chapel has only been used by the tenants. It is said by Catholic writers, that when the great minister was dying, he desired to see a priest, and one arriving, was on the point of crossing the bridge, when a message was sent to him, that if he did so, orders were given by the Protestant duchess to have him thrown into the moat, which stopped his career. There is probably no truth in this story, but it is frequently repeated. Sully died at the age of eighty-two, and, as he had always shown great consideration and benevolence towards Catholics as well as Protestants on his estate, each party boasted that he belonged to them: his charity appeared, at all events, to be Christian. On one occasion, in order to give employ to the poor, during a time of great hardship, he caused a lake to be made in his grounds, which is still there: it is 720 yards long, and 120 broad. He called it the Etang de la Chapelle: the terraces which adorned his gardens were formed of the earth thrown up in this work; some of them still exist, and, in particular, one which was his favourite resort, and where he used to sit looking on the workmen through a grated window, the arch of which is not removed.

He employed all who offered, even little children, some of whom were not able to carry more than a pound of earth, and all were fed and paid according to their age and strength. The expenses of making the lake in this manner cost him 80,000 livres; and

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he was well repaid by the happiness he diffused. I have often walked by this lake covered with water-lilies, and by a second smaller one shaded with graceful trees; but the most charming stroll in the grounds is along an avenue of thick lindens, called "Le Bosquet de Sully," at the end of which is a small chapel dedicated to "Notre Dame de la Solitude."

There are now many parterres laid out à l'Anglaise, such as were unknown in the time of the noble minister, which greatly improve the present gardens. I never saw roses so luxuriant as at Villebon; the bushes were almost breaking with their treasures, and the heavy heads of the fragrant flowers; in some parts where the gardener's care had not prevented their running riot in their beauty, the branches reached the ground with their burthen, and it was a great luxury to sit on the turf under the luxuriant rose-trees, whose perfume filled the air.

But there is still another charm in this place in the avenues of orange-trees in huge pots, which extend along the walks in the front court of the castle. The flowers are gathered and sold, producing a considerable revenue, for they are in immense profusion. It is a beautiful sight at day-break, before the sun has gained its power, to see the young women of the village mounted on ladders, plucking the delicious flowers, and filling their clean white aprons with them, to carry away to be packed, and sent off to their destination. The air is filled with their scent, and every morning new buds take the place of the old, which are picked as before, so that no fruit is allowed to form. One or two dark trees of great size are as old as Sully's time, and are held in great reverence. There is an appearance of extreme simplicity in the primitive manners of the country people, who almost all depend for support on the employment they get from the Chateau. On a Sunday they always dance under the trees of the avenue leading from the village, to a violin played by a fiddler, who sits perched on a tub near one of the cottages, and who calls out the figure of the dances with great perseverance. We were witnesses of a very grand entertainment here during our stay: a wedding took place, and the lady of the castle undertook not only to present the bride with a portion, but to give a fête to the whole village.

The weather had been exceedingly hot and dry, but a slight shower fell in the morning of the great day, which cooled the air; at a very early hour, as I looked from my turret chamber window, I heard the sounds of revelry approaching, and presently a flaunting procession, all ribbons and lace, came gaily on through the gateway, headed by the strutting violinist, who looked very important on the occasion. As the ground was not yet dry enough to begin the dance out of doors, the whole party assembled in the Grande Salle de Henri Quatre, and after refreshment, commenced dancing with great vigour. The lady of the castle and her guests being expected to honour the solemnity, we all descended and joined the gaiety for a time, which was by no means interrupted by our presence. The servants of the house figured amongst the rest, the fat old cook and fatter scullion making great display. Those who could appear in gala dresses did so, but a wedding garment was not de rigueur; some of the beaux danced in *sabots*, and some found it more convenient to dance without shoes at all.

In the evening there were games and *rondes* on the green before the chateau, and amongst other pastimes I was amused with certain races. The bride was placed on a chair, decorated with ribbons and flowers; several youths stood in a row at the end of the lawn opposite, and at a given signal they started at full speed, the object being who should arrive soonest at the bride's seat: the victor won a ribbon and a kiss, which was given amidst shouts of laughter. The bridegroom afterwards took his place, and the same ceremony was repeated in his favour, the racers being young girls, whose victory and its consequences occasioned more laughter and clapping of hands than before. Dancing was then renewed, and not till the sun went down did the persevering groups give in. I had cause to rue the evening in which I participated in the dance out of doors, for the grass being damp, and little accustomed to such doings, I caught a violent cold, which confined me for some time to the

walls of the castle, and to a beverage of *eau de violette*, the only medicine which seemed ever used, under any circumstances, by the Esculapius of Courville, who was called in for my benefit. He insisted that nature and *eau de violette* were the only certain remedies in fever, and probably he was right as to the first; certainly his own skill availed nothing, though he seemed to attach great virtue to his visits, which were long and frequent, and I trembled when I heard the sound of his steed's clattering hoofs along the paved court, and his heavy steps across the drawbridge, as I dreaded his harangues on the inefficiency of medicines à l'Anglaise. All that he prescribed was in homoeopathic quantities, except his own company. I recovered, however, though slowly, and was able to continue my strolls about the interesting grounds.

One long walk we took into the woods to visit a fine oak of immense age called *la Chêne Dorée*, which is coeval with the first building of the castle, at a very early period, when it was in the possession of the family of d'Estouteville, who built it only as high as the first story. It belonged afterwards to the Condés, and when the Duke de Sully bought the estate he made it what it now is, taking the chateau of the Bastille for the model on which it was constructed, and improving on the gloomy original. The towers all bear the names of those who built them; there is one, the largest, called *La Tour d'Estouteville*, another de Condé, one de Sully, one de Be-thune; eight in all.

The simplicity of the present establishment, and the easy manners of the people, form a singular contrast to the state and pomp formerly kept up in this place. The woods are attended by *gardes de chasse*, who have cottages in different parts of the domain, and their sylvan costume is extremely picturesque, as they are occasionally met with in a deep glade of the forest, and one

Redes them for bold rangers, sworn  
To keep the good green wood.

When Sully and his magnificent duchess, who was his second wife, resided here, the attendants and domestics were in almost incredible numbers, and one cannot but feel surprised at the Duke delighting in so much state, after the many years of privation and careless living which he and the great Henry had passed, until it would almost have seemed second nature to them to live simply. Sully was, however, singularly attached to state and dignity; besides gentlemen and pages, ladies and maids of honour attendant on the Duchess, he had one company of guards, with their officers, and another of Swiss: it is told by an eye-witness, that a surgeon visiting the sick in the castle, reckoned four-score invalids without perceiving that the service of the house suffered the least disorder or delay in consequence of their being absent from their duties.

The Duke rose very early, and, after prayers, he set himself to work on his 'Memoirs,' with his four secretaries, and occupied himself for some hours in answering letters and attending to papers concerning the duties of his different posts, for till his death he continued governor of Upper and Lower Poitou and La Rochelle, grand master of the Ordnance, grand surveyor of France, and superintendent of the Fortifications. He took the air for about an hour before dinner; a great bell on the bridge was sounded, to give notice that he was going out; immediately the greatest part of the household ranged themselves on each side, from the bottom of the steep staircase I have named to the door of his apartment; his equerries, gentlemen and officers walked before him, preceded by two Swiss with their halberds; then appeared the Duke, with some of his friends and relations on each side of him, with whom he conversed; then followed the officers of his French and Swiss guards, and the procession was always closed by four Swiss.

What a cumbersome retinue he was always attended by when he went out to walk in his garden! surely Sully must have felt it as fatiguing as some of his campaigns. Yet again, after dinner he is recorded to have gone out into his grounds with the same pomp as before. It is to be hoped that he left all these followers at the entrance of the terrace-walk, his favourite promenade, and then continued his stroll without this rabble of Swiss guards trampling at his heels. The Duchess and he often went out in their coach, about the great park, in state, beneath the shade of overhanging trees, some of which yet re-

main, though in general the timber on the domain is not old.

Sully always retained that deep affection for his royal friend which distinguished him throughout his career; and to the last he wore round his neck a magnificent chain of gold, set with diamonds, to which hung a large gold medal, bearing on it a portrait of Henry in relief. He was often seen to take this medal out of his bosom, stop, contemplate it, and then kiss it, with much reverence and affection.

He never changed the fashion of his dress, and this peculiarity was the cause of his receiving some slights at court from the young exquisites of Louis the Thirteenth's reign. His bitter remark is often repeated, and is very characteristic. He had been summoned to court by the King, and on his appearance a titter ran along the line at his antiquated costume, which the saucy friends of the Constable de Luynes did not attempt to repress. When the young King addressed him, and expressed his wish to obtain the advantage of his advice in a case of difficulty, he replied:—

"Sire, I am too old to change my habits, but for some good cause. When the late glorious King, your father, did me the honour to send for me to confer on matters of importance, the first thing he did was to send away the buffoons."

The King was not displeased with this freedom; he ordered every one to withdraw, and remained alone with the Duke de Sully.

In one of the towers of the castle, at the very highest stage, I observed, when I was there, several large chests filled with papers, in a very slovenly condition. The labour of sorting them was much too great for any but an antiquarian; but that labour has since been performed by an eminent literary gentleman who was staying at the chateau; and, amongst heaps of bills and domestic accounts of little value, were found a great many valuable original letters, both from Henry and Queen Elizabeth, written with their own hands. I copied two only, which are remarkable from their subjects, and the style in which they are written.

That from the Queen of England, ambiguous and obscure as she always chose to be, may be translated thus: but I subjoin the original French as a curiosity. It doubtless alludes to his having interceded for her unfortunate prisoner, the Queen of Scotland:—

"The strong entreaty which you made me, my very dear brother, that, by the friendship between us two, I would grant your request, declared to me at length by the Sieur de Mauvesier, was so great that I could in no wise deny him anything of your demand. I trust you will be so satisfied that there will be no occasion for you to be annoyed, after the ample declaration of my actions towards the Queen of Scots, for whom I would very willingly have done more for her good and repose if she herself, who owed me thanks, had not taken it in worse part than I could have imagined. I told him that I confided entirely in your honour, if I had been accused of some ill turns towards her, and he replied, assuring me that you would be so satisfied that there would be nothing more to say at the conclusion of these few lines, and that you would not fail to do me justice; therefore I hold you in the first rank of my most assured friends, as God knows, to whom I pray to give you a good and long life. Your good sister and cousin,

ELIZABETH R."

The letter from Henry is as follows:—

"Sir Préaux,—I write to my lovely angel; † take

\* From Queen Elizabeth to Henry IV.—La conjuration par laquelle vous me priastes (Tres chere frere) que pour l'amitié entre nous deux je concessasse vos requestes declarées tout au long par le Sieur de Mauvesier estoit si grande que ne ly pouvois rien nyer que en tel endroit il me demandâ. Esperant en sa suffisance sy avant que n'auray besoyn de vous fâcher avec la totale declaration de mes actions envers la Roynne d'Ecosse, pour laquelle j'eusse bien voulu plus fayre pour son bien et repos sy elle mesme qui m'en devoit grâces ne l'eust prise en pire part que n'eusse pensé et le cofiant tant en vostre honneur que sy m'avez accusée de quelz mauvais tour en son endroit et cy respondet m'assurant que vous en seral tellement satisfait qu'il n'y aura a redire fayant la conclusion de ces peu de lignes que ne faillassa a me fayre justice sy me tiendras toujours au premier rang de vre tresassurés amys come Dieu le cognoit, auquel je prie de vous donner bone vie et longue.—Vostre bone seur et cousine,

ELIZABETH R.

† A mon bon frere et cousin le Roy tres-chrien, &c.

† To which of his "lovely angels" he alludes does not appear: perhaps it is the Princess de Conti, his last flame. This was written only three days before his murder!

care that she gets my letter if you can. Since Gyrant and your hostess are going there they cannot refuse to oblige me in taking them, all other means being interdicted me. *Entreat* one from me, and *command* the other. Send me back those I have already sent which have not been forwarded to her. I do not expect that the bearer of this will find the Marquis there, for which reason I do not write to him. I think that the departure of our fool will follow closely on that of the Marquis; you can therefore judge of the intentions of the archdukes. The father and the aunt have spoken to Pécus; they give me much trouble, for they are colder than the season, but my fire thaws them as soon as I come near them.

"Send me all the news you can, chiefly relative to the health of our fair prisoner. Assure Chateaufort and Felyotte that I will not abandon them. Delbene will send you the rest of the intelligence. Good night. I decline so much from constant pain, that I am nothing but skin and bone: everything displeases me. I fly from society; and if, for the sake of appearances, I allow myself to be taken to any entertainment, instead of affording me delight, it only kills me. Adieu.

HENRY."

There is no evidence that Henry the Fourth was ever at Villebon, although his name, as associated with his minister's, occurs here, as elsewhere at his castles, in the naming of the rooms. The manuscripts that exist of his must have come into Sully's possession when they were together. No doubt many have been destroyed, some probably of value, as I heard that whenever there was paper wanted by the cook a ready supply had been sought in the tower chamber, where the identical chest stood from which all the letters of consequence were selected.

The Duchess de Sully appears to have been another Bess of Hardwick in her zealous housekeeping. She attended to all her domestic affairs, saw all her leases drawn out and the accounts of her farmers and receivers given in,—which is sufficiently evident in the accumulation of such documents in the tower. She visited her husband's different estates, and attended to everything in person. Her leisure hours were employed in working tapestry and embroidery with her ladies and maids of honour; and probably some of those pieces which still adorn parts of the walls at Villebon were worked by her dignified hands.

The family of De l'Aubespine, one of whom was ambassador to Queen Elizabeth about the period of Mary Stuart's death, resided at Villebon till the French Revolution: and it was from them that the present proprietors purchased the estate. It is melancholy to reflect, that Sully had little comfort or happiness in his children. His son, the Marquis de Rosny, was a heartless spendthrift; whose debts, several times discharged by his father, became at length so heavy that he resolved to refuse all applications in future. On the death of this worthless young man his creditors annoyed the Duke continually, and lawsuits increased upon him in consequence of certain distributions which he had made of his property, which vexed and worried him to the day of his death.

In one of the lower chambers at Villebon are models of several of the great minister's other castles,—Sully, Rosny, La Chapelle d'Angillon, &c.,—all of which must have been very fine. He never finished Rosny, for the King was murdered while he was building new wings, and he never completed them; leaving the structure incomplete in token of his grief at the lamentable event.

† Original Letter from Henry IV.—*Si Préaux, J'écris à mon bel ange: faites lui tenir ma lettre si vous pouvez; Puisque Gyrant et votre otesse y vont, ils ne me peuvent refuser de m'obéir au cela de les bayer, tous autres moyens m'étant interdits: Priez au l'un de ma part et le commandés à l'autre, renvoyez moi celles que je lui ay écrites que l'on ne lui a baillées. J'estime que ce porteur ne trouvera point le marquis là, c'est pourquoi je ne lui écris point. Je crois que le parlement de Nre fou suyrva deprés celui du marquis, alors vous pourrez juger des intentions des Archiducs. Les père et tante ont parlé à Pécus; ils me donnent bien de la peine, car ils sont froids plus que la saison: mais mon feu les dégoûte de que j'an approche. Mandis moi le plus de nouvelles que vous pourrez, principalement de la Sant de Nre prissonnière: assurez Chateaufort et Felyotte que je ne les abandonne point. Delbene vous mandera la reste des nouvelles. Bonsoir. Je dechoys si fort de mes angosches que je n'ay plus que la peau et les os, tout me desplait: je foyais les compagnies, et sy pour observer le droit des gens je me lessa mener au quelque assemblée, au lyeu de me réjouir, elles achevent de me tuer. Adieu.*

HENRY.

Villebon was his favourite abode, and there he passed the last twenty-five years of his life.

From the towers can be seen the magnificent towers of the stupendous and beautiful Cathedral of Chartres, one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings anywhere to be met with; and a wide expanse of rich corn land spreads far abroad, with occasional woods varying the level surface of the country,—which, from its great produce, has with justice been called "The Granary of France."

#### INSTRUCTIONS FOR OBSERVING THE GREAT SYMMETRICAL BAROMETRIC WAVE.

THE notice of my report on Atmospheric Waves, published in the *Athenæum* [No. 923], contains an allusion to the recurrence of a wave of a most remarkable and interesting character. From the 11th to the 18th of November in the year 1842, the barometer was observed to rise at London from below 29 inches to about 30½ inches, with occasional depressions, so that on projecting the observations in a curve, it was found to be indented. After passing its maximum on the 18th, the barometer gradually fell until the 25th, when it stood slightly above the same altitude as observed on the 11th. This fall was interrupted by occasional elevations, which were of such a character as to give the whole curve of rise and fall an extremely symmetrical appearance, the descending branch being almost a counterpart of the ascending. The same symmetry was observed at Dublin and Munich. On projecting the observations at these stations, allowance having been made for difference of longitude, the motion of the wave, from Dublin to Munich, became very apparent, and no doubt could be entertained of its transit in that direction, (the reader is referred to an engraving of the wave as it passed the three stations, Dublin, London, and Munich, accompanying Sir John Herschel's report 'On Meteorological Reductions' in the report of the Thirteenth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science). An examination of observations made at stations situated to the north-east and south-west of the line joining Dublin and Munich, shows that the symmetrical character of the wave (or at least of the barometric projections) was confined to that line, for, on either side, the symmetry is departed from, the character of the rise on one side being transferred to the fall on the other—the line from Dublin to Munich being, with regard to the barometric movements of the fourteen days, a kind of axis.

The barometric oscillations during the fourteen days, from November 7th to 21st in the year 1843, again afforded a symmetrical wave or curve. The indentations or inflexions of the rise and fall in 1843 were not similar to those of 1842, but the same period, and the rise above thirty inches, clearly showed that on abstracting the secondary oscillations, the same or a very similar cause operated on the barometer during these days in 1843, that occasioned the general rise and fall from the 11th to the 25th of November 1842. At the request of the British Association, I undertook an examination of the symmetrical wave of November 1842, which I commenced in September 1843. One of the results of this examination has been to determine that the inflexions on the slopes of the large symmetrical curve are due to smaller waves, and that systems of these smaller waves are moving in various directions. The latest results of my researches relative to these secondary waves, are given in the notice of my report already alluded to [ante, No. 923]. These researches tend very much to establish the idea of a large normal wave, and render very probable that the wave observed in 1843 was the same as that observed in 1842, although the inflexions arising from waves of a secondary character were different.

The autumn of 1844 again brought us this interesting visitor. During the period, from October 21st to November 2nd, a rise and fall of the barometer occurred, in many respects similar to the two preceding: the identity in this case was not so distinctly marked, but there was still sufficient symmetry in the ascending and descending branches of the curve as to render highly probable that the oscillation was due to the same cause that produced those in 1842 and 1843.

This great similarity in the barometric movements occurring about the same period in three consecutive

years, induces a hope that this wave may again return; and meteorologists are invited to direct their especial attention to the oscillations of the barometer during the months of October and November next: should it return, we shall, by multiplying observations upon it, be in a much better position to examine it in every possible aspect, and by separating from the observations every circumstance that can at all influence the barometer, we shall be able to contemplate it entirely free from every cause that can at all influence it, and by which its form, direction, velocity, &c., may be modified.

In order to carry this out effectually, two or three considerations are essential.

1st. It appears that the line joining Dublin and Munich is an axis or line of greatest symmetry; it is, therefore, desirable that numerous observations should be made on this line—Birmingham and Brussels are two important stations on it.

2nd. As nearly as possible stations should be chosen on each side this line, so that they may be arranged with a certain regard to symmetry. A much better idea of the wave could be obtained from observations made at stations equally disposed with respect to it than otherwise.

3rd. Those instruments should be observed contemporaneously with the barometer that are capable of giving us information by which we can obtain the true pressure of the gaseous atmosphere.

With this view, I have drawn up the following instructions, which I shall be most happy to forward to gentlemen desirous of taking part in these interesting observations (upon being applied to for that purpose), accompanied with printed forms for recording the observations.

The instructions consist—

1st. Of the times of observation.

2nd. Of the instruments to be observed.

3rd. Of the data necessary for reducing the observations, and rendering them suitable to be employed in this inquiry.

*Times of Observation.*—The following hours are the most suitable for the object now in view: 3 a.m., 9 a.m., 3 p.m. and 9 p.m.; these hours divide the day into four equal parts; they have been recommended by the Royal Society as meteorological hours, and are the hours at which observations are made daily, by direction and under the superintendence of the Honourable the Corporation of the Trinity House, which have been most advantageously used in the examination of atmospheric waves. In cases, however, in which the observation at 3 a.m. may be inconvenient or impracticable, it will be important to substitute for it two observations, one at midnight and the other at 6 in the morning, so that the hours of observation will in such cases be 6 a.m., 9 a.m., 3 p.m., 9 p.m. and midnight. To individuals who cannot command these hours, it is recommended that observations should be made as near them as possible; these will still be valuable, although not to so great an extent as those made at the regular hours. In these cases, however, it will be absolutely necessary to substitute two readings for every one of the regular hours omitted—one previous to, the other succeeding the hour so omitted; and these should, if possible, include an equal interval both before and after such hour. In all cases the exact hour and minute of mean time at the place of observation should be inserted in its appropriate column in the form for recording the observations.

*Instruments to be observed.*—At the regular hours of observation, or any others that the observer may fix upon, in accordance with the foregoing instructions, it will be necessary to observe—1st. The barometer, with its attached thermometer, and enter in the form the actual height observed, with the temperature of the mercury. 2nd. The external and dry thermometer. 3rd. The wet bulb thermometer. (These observations are particularly essential, in order to separate the pressure of the vapour from the aggregate pressure, as measured by the mercurial column.) 4th. The direction and force of the wind. (These are important to determine the connexion between the undulatory and molecular motion of the wave.) 5th. The character of the weather at the times of observation; which may be recorded by Capt. Beaufort's symbols. It is proposed to commence the observations on the 1st of October next, and continue them daily, until the end of November, unless it

should be completed, in time them

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should be found that at that time the wave is not completed, in which case it will be requisite to continue them a few days longer.

**Data for Reduction.**—It will be necessary, on returning the form when filled, to accompany it with the following data for reduction. A blank is left for this purpose on the back of the form. The geographical co-ordinates of the place of observation, viz. latitude and longitude. The altitude of the cistern of the barometer above the level of the sea, exactly, if not, as near as it can be obtained. The internal diameter of the tube of the barometer. The capacity, neutral point, and temperature. (These are usually engraved on the instrument.) If the coefficients of the diurnal and annual oscillations have been determined for the place of observation, include them. Those sets of observations which may be reduced by the original observations, and a reference to the tables used in their reduction, also the data above mentioned. All observations that may be made in accordance with these instructions and forwarded to me, will be carefully examined and reported on at the next meeting of the British Association.

W. R. BIRT.

2, Sidney-place, Cambridge-road, Bethnal Green.

N. B.—Observations will be made at several light-houses, by direction of the Honourable the Corporation of the Trinity House, and Capt. Beaufort has kindly undertaken to obtain observations from several of our surveying vessels.

W. R. B.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE *British Archaeological Association* is to assemble on Tuesday next, the 9th, at Winchester; and we rejoice to hear that it promises to be a very full and interesting Meeting. Such a list of Vice Presidents and Members of Sectional Committees certainly never before graced any Association, of a character so absolutely free from all political, religious, party or sectarian feelings. According to present arrangements,—which must be, of course, subject to modification and incidental change,—the General Meeting will be held on *Tuesday*, at 12 o'clock, at the County Hall; when the proceedings will be opened by the President, the Marquis of Northampton, and addresses will be delivered on the general objects of the Association, the advantages and the proper direction of Archaeological researches. At 3 o'clock, parties will be formed to visit the College, the remains of Wolvesey Palace, the Church of St. Cross, and other objects in the neighbourhood. At 8 o'clock, the members will assemble in the St. John's Rooms; when the early usages of Druidical worship will be brought before the meeting by the Rev. J. Bathurst Deane, F.S.A., with illustrative views, plans, and models of Stonehenge, Abury, Carnac, and other Primeval Monuments and Hypethral Temples. Communications on the Architectural Peculiarities of the Church of St. Cross, and the earliest use of Painted Architecture, by E. H. Freeman, Esq. and E. Sharpe, Esq. will be also given. On *Wednesday*, at half-past 11, a meeting of the Architectural Section will take place; when Prof. Willis will give an account of the History and Architecture of Winchester Cathedral. Other communications on remarkable examples of Church Architecture in the city and neighbourhood will be brought forward, as time may permit. A detailed examination of the structure and peculiar decorations of the Cathedral will also be made on the spot, under the direction of Prof. Willis, and the principal members of the Architectural Committee. The afternoon of this day will be devoted to some short excursions, of which previous notice will be given. At 8 o'clock in the evening, the Dean will entertain the members of the Association and visitors attending the Meeting, at the Deanery. The Museum of Antiquities and objects of Art formed in the Gallery there will be thrown open for inspection. On *Thursday*, in the course of the morning, a meeting of the Historical Section will take place. Communications will be read by T. H. Turner, Esq., on the History of Winchester, and its commercial importance, from the earliest times; on the Municipal Records of the City, by Charles Bailey, Esq.; the Winchester Mint, by Edward Hawkins, Esq.; and interesting Historical Details, connected with the county of Hants, by Sir Frederick Madden, Rev. J. Ingram, D.D., W.

S. Gibson, Esq., G. Nichols, Esq., &c. One portion of the day will be occupied either in the examination of the Cathedral, or an excursion, of which notice will be given on the previous day. At 8 o'clock in the evening, a meeting will take place at the St. John's Rooms; and communications on the Collegiate and other Structures erected by William of Wykeham, with remarks on his architectural genius, by C. R. Cockerell, Esq. R.A. and the Rev. William Grey, and other subjects of local or general interest will be brought forward. On *Friday*, at an early hour, of which notice will be given, excursions will be arranged to visit Porchester Castle, Southampton, the ruins of Netley, and other neighbouring objects. At 6 o'clock, a public dinner of the members of the Association and visitors will take place at the St. John's Rooms. On *Saturday*, in the morning, a Meeting of the Section of Early and Medieval Antiquities will be held; when notices of Primeval and Roman Antiquities will be communicated by M. H. Bloxam, Esq., Evelyn Shirley, Esq. M.P., S. Birch, Esq., the Rev. C. Walters, and the Rev. J. Gunn; with papers on subjects of interest connected with Medieval times. Excursions to Romsey, and to churches or objects of interest in the neighbourhood, will be arranged for the afternoon. In the evening, there will be a meeting in the St. John's Rooms, at 8 o'clock, for the communication of interesting information and researches. Amongst the various subjects which will be brought forward at the evening meetings during the week, may be noticed,—detailed remarks on the County Hall, and the ancient Palace of Winchester, by E. Smirke, Esq.; Romsey Abbey Church, by the Rev. J. L. Petit; Porchester Castle, by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne; Crondall Church, by B. Ferrey, Esq.; East Meon and other Churches, by O. B. Carter, Esq., &c. On *Monday*, at 12 o'clock, a General Meeting will be held; when the Rules and Regulations, under which the Association will in future be conducted, will be submitted for confirmation. The election of the Governing Central Committee will also be made; a general statement of accounts will be laid before the Meeting; and the place of meeting for the ensuing year will be selected. Visitors are to present themselves, on their arrival, at the General Committee Room, at the Town Hall; where tickets will be issued, subscriptions received, and information respecting general arrangements and accommodations may be obtained. Every suitable arrangement has been made by the Local Committee, to provide lodging and convenient entertainment at a reasonable rate. There will be ordinaries for gentlemen and ladies, at 6 o'clock precisely; and the Directors of the South-Western Railway have ordered the issue of tickets at a reduced price, (on the inspection of the tickets for the Annual Meeting,) available to persons visiting Winchester on this occasion, for the journey and return, during the meeting week.

Nine of the unsuccessful exhibitors at Westminster Hall have memorialized the Commissioners for a division, in favour of the artists, of a presumed balance,—being the difference between the sums awarded (over and above the premiums offered), and the shillings received at the door. "The advantages," they say, "of these exhibitions to public taste and to the Arts are indeed great; but unfortunately they have been attended with serious injury to most of the artists, from the great expense (as well as loss of time and connexion) that has resulted. The actual outlay of the painters for materials and models cannot be less than 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.*; a loss sufficient to check their progress in future attempts, and in some instances perhaps to involve them in serious difficulties." \* It appears that the receipts of the exhibitions of the first and second years were, respectively, 2,900*l.* and 1,400*l.*; and if we suppose 1,000*l.* to be received this year, the amount is 5,300*l.*—of which sum 1,000*l.* were given in 1843, in additional premiums, leaving 4,300*l.* unappropriated. If 500*l.* are deducted from the second, and 200*l.* from the third years' receipts, for the sculptors, who, according to the general opinion were not, like the painters, led out of their accustomed course, there will be the following sums to be divided by the number of unrewarded candidates in each year:—

£.		£. s.	
1843,	1900 among 116 unrewarded Candidates, give 15 10 each.		
1844,	900 — 55 ditto ditto — 16 8 — "		
1845,	800 — 26 ditto ditto — 30 15 — "		

Now, we readily admit the sacrifices made, and the claims to respectful consideration; but it is obvious that the surplus here talked of is a mere delusion—obtained by omitting from the calculation *all the expenses!* Mr. Eastlake's reply is kind, and, to our thinking, conclusive:—"The statement contained in the Memorial, respecting the gross receipts of the exhibition, is incorrect. In 1843, instead of 2,900*l.*, the receipts were 2,472*l.* In 1844, instead of 1,400*l.*, the receipts of two exhibitions (in King-street and Westminster Hall) were 1,259*l.* 5*s.* The receipts of the present exhibition, up to the 28th instant, are 638*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* The balance, after payment of the expenses incident to the exhibition in 1843, including 1,000*l.* in additional premiums, was 569*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.* In 1844, the expenses far exceeded the receipts of both exhibitions (the rent of the premises in King-street amounting alone to 850*l.*) That cost being defrayed by the Treasury, through the Office of Woods, the balance was 400*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* Before the exhibition took place, the cost of advertisements (with other expenses strictly relating to the exhibitions) was necessarily defrayed by the Treasury. Such expenses would, if enumerated, cause a further considerable reduction from the receipts. Again, the wood-work fittings in Westminster Hall and in King-street, and the cost of the workmen employed on them, has not been defrayed from the receipts of the exhibitions. This is the state of the case applicable to the view taken by the Commissioners, and by the Treasury, with regard to the proceeds of the exhibitions. I have lately made application to the Treasury, respecting the payment of the three premiums of 200*l.* each this year awarded. In the event of my receiving instructions to make such payment (600*l.*) from the fund arising from the present and the balance of the former exhibitions, amounting (on the 28th instant) to 1,007*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*, the balance at the close of the exhibition will probably be insufficient to cover the expenses."

We perceive, too, that a writer, who seems well acquainted with his facts, has brought the case of the Decorators v. the Commission (or those who have the carrying out of its intentions), before the public, in the columns of the *Spectator*. The complaint, in this case, upon that statement of facts, seems better founded. The writer asserts that, among some sixty or eighty decorators at work upon the enrichments of the Chamber of Peers, in the new Westminster Palace, there are not more than one or two of those artists whom the commission expressly recommended for employment—though the latter have applied to be so employed, in pursuance of that recommendation. Of seven wood-carvers named by the commission, one only has been employed—he merely as a journeyman; while Mr. Rogers—whom the Report designates as holding "the first place," and being, in the opinion of the committee, "the person best qualified to be intrusted with those parts of the wood-work of the House of Lords in which great richness of effect and delicacy of execution are required,"—was bowed out by Mr. Barry, with the flattering excuse that there is nothing worthy the exercise of his talent in the House of Lords. The writer infers that the doors,—for which designs were especially demanded,—the stalled and canopied seats of the Peers, and the throne, are all to be left to common workmen. In the department of Arabesque Painting, five artists were specially noticed by the commission; but there subsequently appearing reason to suppose that some of these had executed the specimens which earned the notice by other hands than their own, "or even by the assistance of foreigners," notice was given them, as our readers will remember, that they would, if the commissioners thought fit, be called upon to prove their workmanship. Two of these five alone, Mr. Goodison and Mr. Johnson, says this writer, "designed and executed those specimens themselves"—and they are not employed: while two others—"themselves incompetent to the production of the specimen they sent in," though most respectable men,—are in the enjoyment of the honour and profit accruing from the painted decorations of the House of Lords, which are being executed by English and foreign artists employed by them. To say nothing of the breach of faith to the parties so called but not chosen—many of whom have made great pecuniary sacrifices, on the strength of the call—the Correspondent of the *Spectator* justly contends,





favour of Gothic architecture be made only to our taste, we may award it the preference: but if upon religious grounds, we may as justly resist it, although, select whatever style we may, we cannot avoid coming into contact with what is more or less obnoxious to scrupulous objections.

If we are directed to the choice of Gothic, from æsthetic motives, on account of its intrinsic excellence as a style, we must not content ourselves, as we now seem to do, with anything that comes under that wide generic denomination; nor be satisfied with mere literal fidelity in regard to individual parts and features, while aggregate expression and general character are disregarded, if not violated. Artistic feeling combined with intelligence of, and command over the style employed, is a *sine quâ non* in architecture—an art which, rightly understood, stands in the same degree to the mechanical one of building, as the art of Titian does to the handiwork skill of a house-painter. In taking up Gothic, we neglected to ask ourselves if we could think in that style so as to be able to express our own ideas in it, *pro re nata*, with sufficient accuracy and fluency. By Camdenists the question has been answered in one way, for they have plainly given us to understand that we neither have nor ought to have any ideas of our own; but ought to confine ourselves to those which we find already framed for us. It would seem therefore that Gothic is so completely ossified that it has lost all its former vitality as a style,—all flexibility and power of motion. True, the objection hence arising loses a good deal of its force, inasmuch as, notwithstanding Mr. Pugin's exhortations to that effect, we do not employ the style for every-day purposes and all classes of buildings; therefore seldom require from it any other than a distinctly ecclesiastical expression. Still, though it would be hardly possible to miss that sort of character which prevents our mistaking a church for other building, such intelligibility may be exceedingly prosaic.

In choosing Gothic for modern churches, architects usually follow those examples which they denominate 'Early English,' but which is truly little more than an incipient and immature style, not developed until it reached the next stage of progress which we distinguish by the term 'Decorated.' It would seem to have been taken into general favour as the cheapest sort of Gothic, and withal the easiest to design; while its simplicity was a merit that might be improved upon, nothing being less difficult than to make plainness still plainer by omitting all those finer lineaments of detail which are unheeded by the vulgar eye. Thus a sort of Brummagem lancet and 'Early English,' were manufactured for the architectural market; yet all Brummagem as they were, the imitations were free from deception, for instead of possessing aught of that rust of antiquity which covers even deformity with venerableness, they exhibit a vulgar spruceness, rendered still more offensive by mechanical formality of design. The productions of this drawing-board school of *brevet* Gothic may not always exhibit violations of the ordinary rules of architectural grammar; but they are destitute of style, displaying only the most common-place language and phraseology of the art. Though less ludicrous than some of the churchwardenizings fifty years ago, few among the new 'Early English' churches are calculated to impress the spectator with admiration of them as mere buildings, or with feelings of reverence for them as sacred structures: they have more of the paltry than of the simple, more of the sulky than of the solemn, more of consciousness than of seriousness, about them;—in a word, a disagreeable make-believe look that might not be so apparent, were we not rendered painfully sensible of it by comparing, as we cannot avoid doing, the modern imitations with the prototypes upon which they pretend to be modelled,—the one thoroughly mechanical and soul-less, the other, however humble and rude they may be in their guise, fraught with speaking expression. It may be that the latter derive much, if not the greater part, of their attraction from the mere 'accident' of antiquity; but if so, that very circumstance ought rather to have deterred us from, than encouraged us to take as our proposed exemplars, works whose essential quality must be lost in the pretended copies. We are not at all the better reconciled to the very primitive Gothic which has been adopted, by having also

before our eyes the splendid examples of ecclesiastical Gothic of later periods. Accordingly, if pecuniary considerations forbid our making choice of the completely developed Gothic style, it becomes a question whether it would not be advisable either to reject Gothic altogether for modern churches, or reserve it for those rare occasions when it can be displayed in the full maturity of its powers, and in all its dignity. At any rate 'Early English' is not the style for town churches situated in modern streets, elbowed by gay looking houses, pranked out, perhaps, with Ionic or Corinthian columns.

'Early English,' however,—according to our maudlin version of it—has been adopted for the new Anglican Cathedral of St. James, Mount Zion, at Jerusalem; which was begun in 1842, but stopped in the following year—we should almost say, providentially, speaking merely with reference to the building itself, for rarely have we seen a stranger piece of architectural bathos. If such a design can find favour at Jerusalem, and be received there as Gothic, a market is opened to us in the East for some of those things which we have manufactured for ourselves at home, and are now ashamed of,—and many would rejoice with us could our merchants contrive to ship them off to Jerusalem, Jericho, or anywhere else. Nevertheless, the architect himself seems to be well satisfied with his design, since he has published it with more than usual ostentation; and in one respect the work certainly does confer on him unaccustomed honours, there being scarcely another individual in the profession who can boast of having been employed to erect a cathedral! But is not this a misnomer—certainly so high sounding a title startled us when we saw on what it was bestowed. Had we merely a rude sketch or ordinary print to judge from, we should have assumed that the building had been unfairly represented; but we must now conclude that it is shown to the utmost advantage, because the architect himself is perfectly satisfied that the plates are "highly finished illustrations"—a piece of information, by the by, not altogether superfluous, since of ourselves we should never have discovered in them either high finishing, or any other merit of architectural drawing. We must also observe that as "illustrations" they are insufficient; there being not a single elevation or section, although one plate is filled with little pictures showing the foundations while in progress, native workmen cutting stone, &c.; and another is devoted to a *fac-simile* copy of the scroll and inscription which was inserted in the foundation stone!—as if the inscription would not have been of equal interest and authenticity had it been printed in vulgar type. However, it is a curiosity (the print we mean), and is no doubt a precious document in the eyes of those whose names figure in it; but there is nothing whatever to recommend the work to our favour, since it only assures us that the most paltry and Cockney taste has found its way even to Jerusalem.

#### A GLANCE AT GENOA.

[Notes by an Amateur.]

Palazzo Durazzo on the Piazza dell' Annunziata. A 'Holy Family in Egypt,' by *Simone da Pesaro*. Tone of colour rich, and transparently deep like a limpid dark-watered fountain; moreover, mellow to a degree almost Venetian. One asks, Can this be indeed by the ape of Guido, or has he not at least improved his paw under a more potent master?

A prettily tinted 'Abraham and Angels,' by *Valerio Castelli*: and a very tolerable 'Bishop,' by *Strozzi*.

'The Flagellation,' by *Ludovico Carracci*. A clever picture, but which makes no indelible engraving of itself on the mind. Linear composition not agreeable. For colour, a white crow among the soot-coloured Carraccis.

'St. Peter,' by *Annibale Carracci*. Fine drawing and forcible expression.

'The Roman Daughter,' by *Guido*. In most hands a repulsive subject, in Guido's one of the greatest attraction. Raphael has not often delineated a face of more amiable and beautiful expressiveness than the Daughter's. Her smile, that of the gentlest delight at feeling she sustains the life whence she derived her own, seems to blend the two purest affections, those of a mother and a child, with felicity as rare as the incident. Perhaps the famished father's coun-

tenance wants exhaustion; but his benedictional attitude consecrates the act which is otherwise apt to revolt us as against nature. Guido's women, old and young, on account of the bad pigments with which they were painted, have often a look of the green-sickness: this we excuse, when their expression is not morbid also,—a fault too general. Our heroine's bosom here has little more elastic firmness or fullness of form than Hecuba's, or lovelier flesh tint than Daphne's on the turn into verdurous laurel. The painter's pallid hues, once so delicate, have now faded, and left a complexion like that of a stage-apparition to whom the deadened lights give a chill pea-green air.

'A Sleeping Infant,' by *ditto*. Of good Guidos (and these, whatever amateurs may imagine, do not hang from every sign-post), the first merit is usually a tender pathos, frequently the sole one. Francia's children express perhaps a diviner character, but Guido's cherub seems heaven-descended too. It has settled its lips to sleep, as the rose her blooming leaves, yet smiles all the time, as if it were a native habit of the features to fall together in the sweetest form, and mould themselves with unavoidable grace into a most beautiful object under every condition of existence.

'Cleopatra,' by *ditto*. Colour chill and silver-pale, like a whiting's. Air modern. Looks somewhat of a fine lady dressed à la Turque. Hands well painted. Breast ill modelled, and makes us apply to it the ugliest word for breast which our language affords: think of milk-kine and guess it.

'Portia,' by *ditto*. Expression sublime. Colours sunk, shadows black: Portia will soon have an entire suit of sables.

'Portrait of Philip IV.,' by *Rubens*. Delicate as Vandyke, powerful as Rubens alone. No reckless aberrations of outline, no bacchanalianism of colour. Refined, elegant, correct, without the least pettiness; splendid without meretriciousness, spirited without mental drunkenness. Full of truth, life, individuality. Philip himself beheld through a glass door. Philip at his best; and something better still!

'Marriage of St. Catharine,' by *Paolo Veronese*. A bazaar-scene of the richest hangings and ready-made dresses ever seen in Damascus or Bagdad. Exhibited likewise to the best advantage on pillars, gilt rods, stools, steps, and the backs of living mannequins. Paolo is rather given to this haberdasher's taste for display. But suppose his pictures representations of masquerades at Solymán the Magnificent's court (if such things could be there), and their splendour becomes suitable, their heartless effect quite expressive of Oriental customs.

'A Magdalen,' by *Titian*. As coarse a Doll Common as ever let her locks loose on the midnight breeze or howled to a watchman's rattle. This is the fourth duplicate I have seen of a subject which little deserved to be repeated. Odd enough, that Titian who gave his men the air of senators, should almost always give his women the look of courtezans. His Venuses are Cyprians indeed—Venetian ones—not Queens of Cyprus: his celebrated 'Mistress' justifies her title: his 'Flora' seems stripped to her shift preparing to run a race for a petticoat, and able, like the Milo of her sex, to fell an ox with her fist, and carry it round the town upon her shoulders: our own 'Ariadne,' what a piece of brawn, and how she allures the Wine-god after her by the display of her muscular beauties! Even his female Scriptural characters have a fleshiness about them which would betoken them habitations of the unclean spirit. No wonder his Magdalens are such manifest "daughters of the game!" but I am surprised he made them such ill-favoured, be-draggled Audreys, not attractive *bella donnas* at least.

'St. Sebastian,' by *Domenichino*. The French Guide, with a physiognomic discernment far beyond Lavater's, affirms that any one might see expressed in the foot a compendium of all the Saint's sensations. It might express his sensation of pain no doubt, as the knee of Old Francia's St. Sebastian evidently does (No. 179, National Collection); still five toes furnish but a poor substitute for the human face divine.

'Death of Adonis,' by *ditto*. Lanzi calls this "singolarmente bello." It is white, cold, stiff, and heavy, with a fine poetical air about the composition,

and a steadiness of touch that great masters alone impart—the stamp of attained power.

'Christ Appearing to his Mother,' by *ditto*. A good cherub, and nothing else particularly divine about this glorified picture. Critics set up butts for encomium as well as for ridicule. Men do not like the white flag made to stop a gap in the composition, it resembles a paper-patch on a window.

'The Tribute Money,' by *Guercino*. His four elements which contribute his supreme works, are—earthy colours, earthy tone, earthy forms, and earthy expression; nor was he omnipotent enough to create a very splendid world out of these. But the production now cited has much genuine beauty and less mannerism than usual.

'Portrait of a Boy,' by *Vandyck*. The cream and flower of little aristocrats. His precocious resolve to look a peer and pillar of the state, contrasted with his sweet, cherubim expression that would assuage the very bile he raises, gives this portrait a charm which even republicans, staunch and stern though they be, must acknowledge. We break into a smile of applause at the assumption so manful and pardonable from its high spirit in a child. He has been taught to "stand by his order" before he can well stand by himself.

'Portrait of a Boy as Tobias,' by *ditto*. Here's a difference! Just because the Boy does not wear court-petticoats, but a little clown's fishing-frock, he has the dash of vulgarity about him native to this fashionable painter's soul. It is true, the noblesse are sometimes sons of their own footmen, and the original of our Tobias, perhaps, was among the number. But Vandyck's portraits, when they only have fine clothes upon them, always look genteel despite the coarsest features. "Vandyck dress" had more to do with Vandyck elegance than amateurs imagine: splendour of costume appears to have been his chief source of inspiration.

'Three Children,' by *ditto*. Admirable for composition, character, colour, and truth. The girl's countenance is plebeian, but her dress gave the artist as well as herself a princeliness of spirit. Rich comparison will make a shag-eared under-bred Shetland pony toss up its nostrils, and turn a red eye of the proud disdain, like an Arabian, on all around it.

'A Lady and Two Children,' by *ditto*. Heavy, yet grand. Her petticoat's weight would draw her down to earth were she an angel.

'St. Jerom,' by *Spagnoletto*. Trick and clap-trap, with capital handling.

Palazzo Brignole-Sala, or Palazzo Rosso, contains some remarkable pictures.

'The Tribute-Money,' by *Vandyck*. Nothing can better attest the distinction between conventional and real elegance than a comparison between Vandyck's court-portraits and historic pieces. In the former he is refinement itself, in the latter positively vulgar. Seldom gross, like Rubens, seldom, like him, seduced by his superfluous vigour into the coarse and the repulsive, Vandyck's taste was of a far lower tone, his genius, as a historic painter, far less elevated, nay less elegant. This sounds heterodox; but take him out of the court-track where elegance becomes so much a matter of artifice and convention—deprive him of his dear point-lace, starched ruffs, card-table hands, and toilette-complexions—give him, instead of noble faces to copy, noble subjects to illustrate, and he often, if not always, drops into downright vulgarity, into poorness of conception and meanness of expression. This picture I would cite among the many admissible proofs. Its forms and characters seem copied, trait for trait, from his hired models, whom his imagination lends no loftier sentiment or air than would suit such personages discussing the hardships of a half-penny poll-tax. How different the 'Tribute Money,' by *Titian*—what lowliness, yet what little lowness, in his Carpenter's Son and Fishermen! Vandyck's 'Cross-bearer' again, next room, is degraded to an executioner's assistant carrying a portable gibbet. Painted ever so well, it could please only the artist: Rubens's strength, that loved to wrestle with Repulsiveness, could alone reconcile the amateur.

'Marchese Brignole on Horseback,' by *ditto*. An imperious, way-making air of the head and outstretched hand, as if his signorship had a mind to ride over you, but gave you benevolent warning. Here we have Sir Anthony once more at his proper vocation, and here his genius shines! His per-

an earlier work: the horse stiffer than if it were stuffed.

Two other portraits, 'A Nobleman' and 'A Lady with her Daughter,' by *ditto*; the former impressive, the shadows of both pitch-black.

A capital black-and-white 'Philosopher,' by *Spagnoletto*.

'Adoration of the Magi,' by *Palma Vecchio*. Defective composition and chiaroscuro; very rich colours.

'Judith and Holofernes,' by *Paul Veronese*. White and glaring, but well composed; with strong symptoms of Paul and suspicions of some one else.

'Portrait of a Woman,' by *ditto*. Bizarre composition, but greatness of manner even about this she-hippopotamus.

'Portrait of a Boy,' by *ditto*. Superb, in his united style, which perhaps betokens more true power than his dashing one. Bravery is sometimes fear of unsteadiness. Not that Paolo was ever a vacillator. But, independent of his *toccato* style being more suitable to his great scene-pictures, he found it much easier to force his way by blows than to proceed over his canvas by even uninterrupted exertion. With portraits he could, and generally did, follow a different method. I have seen some of them wrought like miniatures, yet without the least minuteness. This specimen exhibits a great deal of life and truth, and also a depth of colour as rich as can be devoid of warm tone. Paul's tints are often red, never glowing. Any warmth they have is that of half-dead embers or ashes.

'Vulcan's Forge,' and 'The Nativity,' by *Basano*. Redder than Paul Veronese's colour, Bassano's is not less cold. His crimson jerkins give out no more heat than painted coal-fires, and his sunburnt countenances look like piccrusts very much browned but baked a week ago. His reds, however, are translucent as molten rubies, yet frigid withal as the gems when crystallized. A fine rough harmony between the tints and the touches distinguishes these two pictures. Composition according to custom: mob caps, brass pans, animal heads and human hinder parts presented for view in front, a dark green background, and buff clouds on the horizon.

'The Annunciation,' by *Lodovico Carracci*. Lodovico too often leaves his women only chin enough to constitute them so many smock-faces. How the author of the noble 'Annunciation' at Bologna could paint such petit-maitre Madonnas appears to me somewhat of a problem. His choir of angels here is pretty; his Virgin should be above mere prettiness.

'St. Marc,' by *Guido*. Pale, pink, and papery, but good after its kind.

'St. Sebastian,' by *ditto*. One of the numerous repetitions dispersed throughout all civilized Europe, and peradventure at St. Petersburg too. Wants that without which Guido is but a faint star in the constellation of great painters—expression.

'Virgin, Child, Saints, and Angels,' by *Bordone*. One of those sombre Venetian landscapes where the sky, though cloudless blue, seems low-hung and dusk, and even mournful from its mellow depth of tone; the woodland heavy with its golden fruitage and large-leaved broad spreading boughs—is likewise sad from the rich green depth of its shades. There is a fine-felt accordance between this solemn stillness and the subject represented, which gives the latter its appropriate dignity, and raises what would else be a mere landscape into a historical picture. All the figures look as if held in holy silence, while the motionless air glows around them; everything bespeaks noontide's sultriest hour amid the awfullest seclusion, propitious to such a sacred rendezvous. I here, however, characterize the class rather than the present specimen: there are better examples and worse.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ORGAN PERFORMANCE AT GUILDHALL.—Of late years organ playing has made great progress in this country. Less than a century since, it was rare to meet with an organ that had pedals, and still more rare to find a player capable of using them. We had then no notion of the true style of organ-playing, and the generality of pieces consisted of solos for the cornet, or that now obsolete stop, the vox humana; specimens of which may be seen in Stanley's Voluntaries, which are a reflection of the state of English organ-playing at that period.

The late Samuel Wesley was the first to raise the character of organ-playing in this country. To him belongs the honour of having introduced Bach's works to the notice of English musicians, and from the study of these great models, Wesley derived that solid *alla capella* style which is the true character of the instrument. Wesley, however, was not entirely free from some of the antiquated blemishes which belonged to the Stanley school; and, occasionally, indulged in cornet and trumpet solos, and old-fashioned vagaries, which to modern ears are offensive. Wesley's forte was undoubtedly extemporaneous fugue playing. In his florid playing, by which we mean the display of the solo stops of the instrument, he was not so happy; he had little taste in the combination and arrangement of the stops; he was, moreover, no pedal player, and the position of his left hand chords was, consequently, sometimes objectionable. But as an intellectual extemporaneous performer, especially in the fugue style, he is deserving of honourable remembrance.

Wesley's successor as the chief of English organists, is Mr. Adams. The reputation of an organist in this country seldom extends beyond a small circle of admirers capable of understanding and appreciating his efforts; consequently, to many of our readers the name even of this performer may be unknown. It is not here as in Germany, where Schneider of Dresden, Hesse of Breslau, and Rink of Darmstadt, are known and celebrated far beyond the localities to which their artistic labours are limited. But a true artist cares not even for fame, "the last infirmity of noble minds,"—and an enthusiast like Mr. Adams finds his reward in the art itself. Like his great predecessor, he is remarkable for his extempore playing, in which he excels both in the strict and florid styles. As an extempore fugue player, he deserves to rank with the intellectual organists of Germany. To a perfect knowledge of all the intricate evolutions of counterpoint he adds a ready invention and a clear perception, which enables him to combine two, and even three subjects in a masterly manner, only to be appreciated by those who have sufficient knowledge of the art to comprehend the merits of such *improvisé* performances.

We have been led into these remarks from having attended a performance on a new organ, built by Messrs. Gray & Davison, for the cathedral now erecting at Calcutta. This instrument was exhibited to the public at Guildhall, on Wednesday last, when Mr. Adams tested its powers by performing a selection of pieces, among which were three improvisations, in which (and we believe, he is now a sexagenarian) he displayed, undiminished, all his former powers. We are convinced that, with the exception of the three German organists before named, (and, of course, Mendelssohn,) there is no organist on the Continent to compete with Mr. Adams as an extempore fugue player.

The organ is a good one, and was again exhibited on Thursday evening, when a selection of vocal music was performed, accompanied by Mr. Henry Smart.

#### MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Aug. 18.—M. Soleil laid before the Academy a new apparatus, of his manufacture, for measuring the deviations of rotatory polarizations.—M. Reynaud and Captain Favé presented a work which they have published on the origin of gunpowder. They trace this to the Indians on the banks of the Ganges; who, say the authors, ascertained that the saltpetre which they picked up produced a powerful combustion when thrown on hot charcoal, and made with it several mixtures of incendiary properties. The Arabs improved upon this, and prepared a powder, which they used in war; the people of Europe, having ascertained these facts, applied their genius to the production of the present mixture called gunpowder.—A paper, by M. Vergnaud, inspector of the powder-mills of Esquerde, was then read. It contains suggestions as to the precautions necessary to be adopted against explosions in powder manufactories.—A paper was received from M. Vallot, on the larvae of various insects destructive to plants, such as the *coccinella maculata*, *cimex circulus*, &c., and on the existence of the ergot in wheat. It has generally been supposed that the ergot was a disease peculiar to rye; but M. Vallot announces that

he has three that he has the reading of he had been attacked year, in rye communicate by him on lucities of saliv in the mouth Decembris A Mr. May, who of all interest in your last nu of the meeting practical tendi those evening producing cer leances, the previous mee say will, yet, figures as the has not publi rious; but the actions of the paration. Mr bers generally collaboration that, if Mr. H society, they and assist in letter appreci —I am, &c. 17, Sussex- The Queen pleasure, the the fit, set o of the bad w his friends, the country late lament morning to the porter if "You'll find are going u at the same been brushi Ary Scheffo our great pe when at he London w improvement to our holdi The Editi present yen with Art i— Paul on acco mission for advantage building of the purpos the Fine A The Expense in St. Jame of Art, and Hall for E Paintings To W. Essex Majesty, a Egypt To A Bryan for the Off the House For the Purc of Prints o Quicktail very rich n Ripa, near though com are, it is a mines of an den, in Spr in the hand laries have mountain i three have The miner 20 per ce lieved, say less than 2 at least 10 mined. To CORR —J. M., Au We still fantastic, the demand the delusion that they 1 to enter int



he has three grains of wheat with the ergot, and states that he has seen the same disease in barley. After the reading of this paper, M. A. de Jussieu said, that he had recently seen several ears of wheat which had been attacked by the ergot, and that the disease, this year, in rye has made great ravages.—M. Lassaigne communicated the results of some experiments made by him on horses and sheep, to determine the quantities of salivary and mucous fluids absorbed by food in the mouth during the process of mastication.

**Decorative Art Society.**—With feelings of respect towards Mr. Hay, whose useful writings are deserving the attention of all interested in decorative art, I reply to his inquiries in your last number. The reports in your valuable journal of the meetings alluded to, convey, I consider, clearly the practical tendency of the proceedings; inasmuch as, on those evenings more attention was given to the methods of producing certain geometrical figures than to their relative beauties, the consideration of which had occupied some previous meetings; and it is expected that several evenings will, yet, be devoted to the subject of "Geometrical Figures as the Foundation of Graceful Outlines." The society has not published, at present, any details of these discussions; but they may possibly appear in a Report of the Transactions of the Society, understood to be in the course of preparation. Mr. Hay's works are not unknown to the members generally; and it is not unusual to hear them quoted, in corroboration of opinions expressed: and I feel confident that, if Mr. Hay would address any communications to the Society, they would be much esteemed by all the members, and assist in giving importance to their efforts towards a better appreciation of, and correct taste, in ornamental art.

E. C. LAUGHER.

17, Sussex-place, Kensington, Sept. 2, 1845.

**The Queen at Bonn.**—Jules Janin recounts, with great pleasure, that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, after the fete, set off in arm through the streets, in despite of the bad weather, to visit his old tutor, his college and his friends. This was truly entering into the spirit of the country, and recalling to us an anecdote of the late lamented Duke of Orleans. He called one morning to see Ary Scheffer, the artist. On asking the porter if Scheffer was at home, the janitor replied, "You'll find him on the third story; and since you are going up, will you be kind enough to take up, at the same time with yourself, this coat that I have been brushing for him?" The Prince walked up to Ary Scheffer, with the latter's coat upon his arm. If our great people could but have the courage to keep, when at home, a small fraction of the ease and bonhomie which they learn when abroad, what an improvement it would be to our every-day,—ay, and to our holiday,—life!—*Examiner*.

**The Estimates and expenses of Government for the present year** contain a few items of interest connected with Art:—

Paid on account of the Expenses of the Commission for the purpose of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament for the purpose of Promoting and Encouraging the Fine Arts. £ 750 0 0

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**Quicksilver Mine.**—From Tuscany, we learn that a very rich mine of quicksilver has been discovered at Ripa, near Pietra Santa; in which the mercury, although combined with sulphur, is very abundant. There, as it is said, at the present time, but two quicksilver mines of any importance in operation,—the one Almaden, in Spain, the other Adria, in Austria; and both are in the hands of M. Rothschild. Three horizontal galleries have already been pierced in the side of the mountain in which the new mine is situated; and all three have arrived at an excellent vein of mercury. The mineral produced yields, according to analysis, 20 per cent. of the purest quicksilver. It is believed, says the *Commerce*, that, in a short period, no less than 200 workmen will be employed, and that at least 100 or 120 pounds of metal per day will be raised.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—C. S.—F. S. A.—A Subscriber.—V. P.—J. M., Auxerre.—J. J.—received.

We still hold, that Mr. Nangle's proceedings have been fantastic;—that the force has been too long continued, that the demands on credulity have been too extravagant, that the delusion is sinking into insignificance,—and, above all, that they have lost all interest; and, therefore, we decline to enter into controversy on the subject.

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